

The Musical World.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT.

A RECORD OF MUSIC, THE DRAMA, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c.

Terms of Subscription, per Annum, 16s. Stamped; 12s. Unstamped; to be forwarded by Money Order or Postage Stamp, to the Publisher, W. S. Johnson, "Nassau Steam Press," 60, St. Martin's Lane, Charing Cross.

No. 44.—VOL. XXV.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1850.

{ PRICE THREEPENCE
STAMPED FOURPENCE

THE GRAND NATIONAL CONCERTS.

THE event of the past se'nlight was Sims Reeves' appearance on Saturday. The announcement of the name of our great tenor attracted a large concourse, and the theatre was crowded in every available part. Mr. Sims Reeves sang two morceaux—the first, the favourite "A te o cara," from *Puritani*, with Mrs. Alexander Newton, M. Jules Lefort, and M. Jules Stockhausen; the second, Beethoven's "Adelaide." His reception bordered on the extravagant. He was in fine voice, and sang delightfully, especially the "Adelaide," which he gave more passionately than ever. Of course he was encored in both pieces.

Saturday night was also remarkable for Charles Hallé's last appearance. The great pianist wound up his series of performances with Mendelssohn's concerto, and Molique's grand duo for violin and piano. He was greatly applauded, and made his, we hope not final, adieu and regenerated cheers.

Beethoven's sympathy in C was played, and the overture to *Matanillo*. Angri sang two favourite airs, and Madame Biscaccianti obtained a fair success in "Vedrai Carino."

Signor Briccialdi made his first appearance, and executed a flute solo.

Mr. Sims Reeves has been singing some of his popular songs during the week, among others, the "Sleep" song, from *Matanillo*; the grand scena from *Frischut*; Rossini's "Cujus Animam (Stabat Mater)"; "Sound an Alarm," from *Judas Maccabeus*; and a new ballad by Angelina. Beethoven has reigned supreme in the symphonic department, and the overtures have been as before.

It was a wise and politic move of the committee to engage Mr. Sims Reeves, who, we have not the least doubt, will turn up a trump card for the management. The receipts have increased considerably, and speculation again begins to hold her head up.

We have again to chronicle the success of Miss Goddard, who has played on the alternate nights. She appears to have gained confidence, and decidedly exhibits more facility and command of the instrument. Her power, however, is hardly sufficient to enforce attention from so large and scattered an audience. Mrs. Alexander Newton deserves a word of strong praise. She is an accomplished singer, and never fails to produce an effect with her brilliant voice and energetic style.

We have just time to say that the Berlin chorus appeared for the first time last night, and obtained an unmistakable success. We must, however, reserve all strictures until next week.

M. JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.

M. JULLIEN has sent forth his first bill. He opens his concert season with a *Grand Annual Bal Masqué*, which takes place on Thursday, November the 7th. The *Grand Annual Bal Masqué*, we are told, is given previous to the commencement, instead of at the termination, of M. Jullien's annual series of concerts. So far, so good. No doubt, M. Jullien has his own shrewd reasons for turning his season topsy-turvy. The whole of the decorations of the theatre are entirely new, and will be seen for the first time on Thursday night. The magnificent and novel Chrystal Curtain, which was exhibited one evening only last year, viz., that of the *Bal Masqué*, and which created a universal surprise and admiration, will be again displayed to thousands of wondering gazers. The orchestra, as heretofore, will consist of one hundred and ten musicians.

Jullien has not yet issued his prospectus for the concert. We know nothing of his band or of his singers. We know, however, that Jullien, like Justice, never sleeps, and that opposition acts upon him as a whip and spur to press him on to more daring deeds. He quails not before the *Grand National Concert band*, neither is he daunted by the stern array of its vocal forces. In his resources Jullien is inexhaustible, his invention is not to be drained, his fancy coerced, nor his ingenuity thwarted. He has One Hundred and Ten Musicians. Think of that! one hundred and ten musicians, and Jullien presiding over them!! Think of that!!! On Thursday night Jullien will preside in his orchestra, and the world of his admirers will be at his feet.

JENNY LIND IN BOSTON.

Our package of papers from America, transmitted by the *Atlantic steamer*, is confined to the *Boston Daily Chronotype*, of the 11th and 13th of October; and the *New York Message Bird*, of the 15th ditto. Our friend, the *Boston Evening Traveller*, has not been received—so much the worse for ourselves and our readers. These journals above named, which have come to hand, are by no means lavish of their news on the doings of the Nightingale. We shall glean from them, however, sufficient to afford a confirmation of the continued success of Jenny, and the redoubled enthusiasm of the Bostonians.

We shall take the papers in the order of their dates. The *Chronotype* of the 13th, thus alludes to the latest previous concert:—

Jenny Lind's concert last night surpassed all before, excepting Saturday's. The glorious singer found the very heart of all that audience. In the music of *Elijah*, of *Der Freyschutz*, of *La Sonnambula*, of her own Swedish melodies, she was equally inspired and satisfying.

That florid gush of melody from *La Sonnambula*, was by many, many degrees the crowning achievement of vocalization in this country, and

there were no bounds to the enthusiasm of the audience. The Dalcarnian Melody, too, and the "Mountaineer's Song," in which her voice died away, like a distant horn drooping through semi-tones, were wonderfully original and beautiful.

Every item of the programme was good—the overtures, the Mendelssohn "Songs without Words," as played by Benedict, the "Wedding March," and the choice pieces of Belletti. If the charities of Boston gained as much materially as that audience gained spiritually, Jenny Lind is indeed "twice blest." But more anon.

We cannot dismiss the *Chronotype* of the above date, without extracting an amusing series of letters, which has been eloquently denominated by the writer, or strictor, a

SWEET CORRESPONDENCE.

Barnum is heedless of sub-editors, and never sends proprietors of newspapers one farthing of "black mail," and *never will, so help him, &c.* Barnum's energetic statement is a satisfactory and conclusive refutation of sundry malign reports which have been industriously and continually circulated to his disadvantage.

We read, or ought to read, that where the carcass is, there the turkey-buzzards are gathered together. So we often observe in warmish weather, that where a molasses dish is left uncovered, numerous flies congregate. But these similes are very faint when applied to the rush around Mr. Barnum, with his pockets full of the proceeds of Jenny Lind's concerts. All sorts of bores and incompetent brethren, not to speak of lots of enterprising and enthusiastic individuals of large hope and speculation, crowd around that man. Human nature reveals itself to him, as it does to few. He sees outside and inside of it, and could give some of the richest chapters ever penned by mortal. As a sample of his mode of meeting some classes of people, we give a correspondence between him and two rather weak editorial brethren, who shall be nameless—though one of them is not a thousand miles from the heart of this village. They are actual letters, as received and answered by the immortal P. T. Barnum himself. No. 1 is exquisite; No. 2 is decidedly and gloriously rich.

[No. 1.]

P. T. BARNUM, Esq.—I much regret the appearance of that article in my paper of this morning, reflecting on you. Had I seen it, I would not have permitted it. A sub-editor, who had no right to do so, slipped it in without my knowledge, and will make any retraction you may please to dictate in my paper of to-morrow morning. Please let me see or hear from you. Your obedient servant:

ANSWER.

SIR.—Yours of to-day is received. I have not read the article alluded to, and never shall. Pray don't trouble yourself with a thought of retraction, for, if you made one, I should never know it.—Yours truly,

P. T. BARNUM.

[No. 2.]

MR. BARNUM.—One of our occasional correspondents has sent an article which I find is in type, handling you very severely. Thinking that you would dislike very much to be placed before the public in an unfavourable light, especially at this particular time, I concluded to write this and say, that if you desire it, I will prevent its appearing in our columns. Please reply by bearer, and believe me, Faithfully yours.

P.S.—Please loan me one hundred dollars for a few days, to aid me in making an improvement in our paper.

ANSWER.

SIR.—I hope you will by no means curtail the privilege of "correspondents" or editors on my account. Publish what you please, so far as I am concerned. I have no money to lend, and never yet paid a farthing of "black mail," and, so help me God, I never will.

P. T. BARNUM.

The same journal of the 13th, contains news which, at the first slight glance, looks really alarming. It is headed—

ALMOST A RIOT!!!

GRAND SMASH AND CRASH OF SEATS AND WINDOWS AT FITCHBURY HALL, THE STORM CALMED BY THE NIGHTINGALE.

From out this giant mountain creeps a very lilliputian monster. There might have been "a grand smash and crash,"

and "seats and windows might have been broken at Fitchbury Hall;" but we have no account. Barnum is accused of selling too many tickets for the proceeds; Jenny sends forth her towering notes and calms all down; and she never sang better.

THE LAST JENNY LIND CONCERT.

Thanks to the glorious woman, Jenny, that the concert last night did not break up in a row and a disgrace to Boston. The rush for tickets was tremendous. All the world accuses Barnum of selling too many tickets for the space, especially of the "promenade" species, and of doing it for the proceeds. We hope he did it—if he did it—rather to give as many as possible the gratification of hearing the Nightingale.

But such was the soreness of some who considered themselves victimised previously, and the eagerness of others to get the grand treat for little or nothing, that many owners of first-class tickets, coming an hour before the concert, could not penetrate into the hall. When the promenaders were admitted at half-past seven, there was a terrible rush and utter confusion, which seemed beyond the power of music to quell.

But music did quell it—not that of the orchestra, which laboured through the overture of *Der Freyschütz* almost in dumb show. But when Jenny came forward and sent forth her clear, towering, angelic notes, in one of the sweetest airs of Handel's *Messiah*, all calmed down to a peace like the still waves of a summer's sea. The savages were tamed, and the frightened were reassured. All went off even more delightfully than if there had been no tumult and trouble to triumph over. To our ear Jenny never sang better. Her voice neither trembled nor faltered.

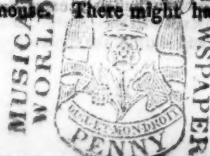
The *Boston Chronotype* objects to the transformation of a Railroad Hall into a Music Hall, and announces that the prince of pianoforte manufacturers has obtained the refusal of the Bumstead estate and Marlboro' Chapel, and will probably come out with the desirable thing.

In this connection, we are glad to announce that measures are in train to build with despatch, in a central locality, a grand Music Hall, which will prevent the necessity of resorting to a place so unmusical and altogether frightful as a Railroad Hall. A Committee of the Musical Fund Society, having on it the prince of pianoforte manufacturers, has obtained the refusal of the Bumstead estate, and of the Marlboro' Chapel adjoining it, and will probably soon come out with a proposal for doing up the desirable thing, in all its length and breadth, in that admirable locality. Success to the enterprise, and may all our readers live to hear Jenny's "Echo Song" in that Hall!

Miss Lind is visited by a digger, who shows her the largest lump on record. She is amazed and charmed, takes the precious lump in her hand, and puts apt interrogatories, to which she receives curt replies. Mr. Roberts, also, is a miner himself. She takes a great fancy to the largest lump on record, and wishes as much of the same article as she could carry to give to the poor—a wish one might expect from the generous-hearted Lind. The digger, it is to be supposed, is not to be dug out of his diggings. He turns a deaf ear to Jenny's broad hint, and makes off as fast as he can with the largest lump on record, not, however, before a joke was made, at which Mr. Barnum, Mr. Benedict, and Willis, the broker, officiated.

MISS LIND VISITED BY A CALIFORNIAN GOLD DIGGER.

Mr. Robert Roberts, from California, called upon Miss Lind yesterday afternoon, in compliance with an oft-repeated desire on her part that she would like to see a specimen of California gold. Mr. Roberts exhibited to Miss Lind the purest and largest piece of gold, embedded in quartz, that has ever been taken out of the mines, and probably the largest ever seen. There are *twenty-three pounds of pure gold in the lump!* which cost its present owners, Messrs. Roberts and Gaylord, the round sum of 10,000 dolrs. It was taken from the loose earth, in the southern mines, by three Mexicans, and is the rarest and most beautiful specimen of California gold that we ever beheld. When Miss Lind first beheld it she was amazed and charmed. She took the precious lump in her hands, examined it, and asked many questions as to how it was produced; whether it was found in the loose earth or in the solid rock; whether it was hard to get, and how they ascertained that the lump contained just 23lbs. of pure gold, when it cohered so closely to the quartz, &c. All these questions were satisfactorily answered by Mr. Roberts, who is a miner himself. Mr. R. also exhibited to the songstress a rare and



curious collection of samples and specimens from all the different mines in El Dorado. Miss Lind was very much interested with Mr. R.'s visit and his description of mining.

Jenny told Mr. Roberts that she had seen a very large specimen of California gold in the hands of Queen Victoria, when in England, but that it was not near so large as the one which he had shown her. She took a great fancy to the monster lump, and said she would like as much of the same article as she could carry, to give to the poor. Just such a wish as one might expect from the generous hearted Lind.

Mr. Barnum introduced Mr. Roberts to Miss Lind. Mr. Roberts was accompanied by Henry W. Kinsman, of this city; and Mr. Willis, the broker. Mr. Benedict was present. While Miss Lind was holding the mammoth lump in her hand, Mr. Barnum, who stood near by, said, "You are very strong, Miss Lind." This remark caused the Nightingale to suddenly turn her full expressive eyes towards Mr. Barnum, who, addressing Mr. Roberts, immediately added, "Why, if you will believe it, sir, she has been known to draw ten thousand persons without hardly an effort." Some little merriment was caused by this remark, and Miss Lind appeared to enjoy the joke as well as the rest. In fact, her friends declare that they never saw her more merry and happy than on this occasion.

An item of Barnum's expenses:—

Yesterday Mr. Barnum paid 260 dollars to twelve of the daily papers for advertising only three concerts in this city.

City item. The proceeds of the Charity Concert appropriated.

We publish below a list of the institutions among which the money realized at the Charity Concert, on Thursday evening, has been distributed. Edward Everett and Benjamin Seaver are the only two gentlemen who advised the noble-hearted daughter of Sweden in the selection of the institutions that should become her agents in distributing her gifts to the poor. Considering the number of societies in Boston, and the difficulty of deciding between the necessities of each and their respective claims upon the public, the distribution is a very judicious one.

It was Miss Lind's opinion that the fund would do more good if not very greatly subdivided. The gentlemen consulted by her fully concurred in this opinion. They were duly sensitive to the merit of many excellent institutions not included in the list; and regretted that it was not in their power to make it more extensive. It contains those which, after much and anxious deliberation, appeared to them, all things considered, to be entitled to be recommended.

The following are the names of the societies:—

	Dollars.
Boston Port Society	1000
Association for Aged and Indigent Females	1000
Musical Fund Society	1000
Boston Children's Friend Society	500
Farm School for Indigent Boys	500
Charitable Orthopedic Association	500
Boston Female Asylum	500
Howard Benevolent Society	500
Young Men's Benevolent Society	500
Society for the Prevention of Pauperism	500
Parent Washington Total Abstinence Society	300
Miscellaneous Objects of Charity	425
	7225

The 425 dollars, "miscellaneous," was distributed as follows:—

	Dollars.
To Messrs. Charles and J. M. Spears, to be appropriated to the reformation of the prisoner	225
To a poor Swedish woman, the mother of nine children	100
To a poor woman of Boston	100

"A New York paper pronounces Miss Lind 'an angel of benevolence.' She is truly so. She is most happy when doing the most good to humanity. She cannot witness suffering without shedding a tear of sympathy for the distressed. Jenny Lind's charities in Boston will light up many a home with smiling happiness, the coming winter, that would otherwise be cheerless and poverty-stricken. She is one of the noblest of her sex, and deserves and receives the thanks of every citizen of Boston and every admirer of genuine goodness.

Her departure from Boston is announced, and her mode of transit to New York satisfactorily arranged. She sings at Philadelphia, and another auction will take place:—

DEPARTURE OF MISS LIND.—Yesterday Mr. Gilmore, in behalf of the Railroad Company, tendered Mr. Barnum a special car over the Worcester Railroad, via New Haven route, to New York, to convey Mlle. Jenny

Lind and suite on Monday. We understand Mr. Barnum has signified his intention of selecting this route to New York, and will leave Boston to-morrow morning. The company will proceed on to Philadelphia, without tarrying in New York. Miss Lind will sing in Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, on Thursday evening next, the 17th instant. She will probably return to Boston in the Spring. The auction sale of tickets will take place in the theatre on Tuesday. Since writing the above, we learn that Mr. Barnum has not decided whether Miss Lind will sing in the above-named room, or in the Musical Fund Hall.

The *Message Bird*, of New York, has further particulars of the concert at Boston, which we furnish with avidity and commend to our readers. The writer indites from Boston, and, for aught we know, may write himself Bostonian; but he is not of the same flock as our respected friend, the writer of the *Evening Traveller*, who takes up his pen so vigorously and fearlessly in the cause of music. So much the worse for ourselves and our readers. We supply the article of the *Message Bird*, in full:—

Boston, Oct 7, 1850.

DEAR MESSAGE BIRD.—Instead of the two concerts promised in this place, the Nightingale has given us already four. The fifth comes off to-morrow night. The enthusiasm of our good people steadily increases, and the Tremont Temple, the largest hall we have, as well as the very worst for sound, is always crammed at very high prices, which do cruelly exclude from this pure pleasure many who have intrinsically the best right to hear the Queen of Song upon the ground of fitness and congeniality. The premium money paid for tickets would have built a spacious hall, which Boston, and the country round—poured in over its ten converging railroads—would have filled full for many nights, and at remunerating prices, graduated to the means of all who value the highest manifestations of art.

Jenny Lind, as well as Messrs. Benedict and Belletti, appear gratified with the warm sympathy and discrimination of their Boston audiences. We are as partial to good compositions, as we are to the noble Artist Woman who has such power to interpret them. The steady call for such, and the manifest appreciation of such when vouchsafed us, have resulted in an average superiority of the Boston programmes over those at Castle Garden. The two first were the same with the two first there; but the third, which was the lightest in New York, was here enriched by the insertion of a noble Recitative and Aria from *Don Giovanni*, in which Jenny Lind was glorious, and the finale was repeated after a peremptory encore. We have had no such fit interpreter of Mozart's immortal melody. The exquisite "Bird Song," by Taubert, also lent a sparkling freshness to that concert. The music is most bright and airy and original; and her voice at the close of each verse flooded the room with a delicious mingling of bird warblings. It seemed right out of the sunny heart of nature. Mozart's fine overture to the *Zauberflöte*, too, was given us for *Zampa*, a most welcome exchange; and the various instruments of the orchestra, forty in number, trained to fine unanimity by the good-humoured firmness of Benedict, thrived their way through the delicate maze of its fugued movement with a genial precision.

But the fourth concert, given on Saturday, was worth all the rest. The admirable programme drew together a fuller and more refined and musical audience than usual; and by all of them will that night be remembered as about the purest and most glorious revelation of the soul of art that ever blessed their mortal lives. Then Jenny Lind sang Handel's song of songs, "I know that my Redeemer liveth!" from the *Messiah*. Her firm, sweet, large, and noble voice, in whose liquid upper tones the human seems to verge into the angelic; her lofty, yet womanly and gentle presence; her look of virgin purity and truth; her profound harmony of character, in which genius and morality, art and religion, are one vital principle; her true and loving appreciation of the great master composers, all fitted her peculiarly to give voice to that music. Every tone seemed inspired and fraught with deepest feeling. She sang it with perfect simplicity and strict fidelity to the composer's text. Indeed, she seemed not only the voice, but the personification of Faith. It was sublime. We have heard it before elegantly sung, by Caradori Allan, and, we think, Anna Bishop; we have heard brilliant voices senselessly displayed in it to the demoralising of all taste amid a dazzling crowd; but this time it was as elevating and as nourishing to the soul as it was beautiful to the mind. Said one present, "Now I know that my Redeemer liveth, whether I knew it before or not." Says the Boston *Chronotype*:—

"She sang it with sublime simplicity. Need we say more? except to recall the equally sublime and glowing calmness of that face as she stood there after the voice had done its work, and during the concluding

ralornel of the instruments. She looked the song, as she had sung it, and as every full heart present felt it. And not the less deep and genuine was the impression, because by a quick instinct it allowed the end to sanctify the means, and unconditionally signified that it *must* be repeated."

"On mighty pens the eagle sweeps," from Haydn's *Creation*, was quite as glorious a performance in its way. All the innocent rapture of the music, the admiring imitation of the eagle's upward flight, the entranced contemplation of the cooing doves, and all the gentler sounds of nature; the religious love and wonder of it all, were expressed with the sweetest fervour, and it seemed as if her soul would dissolve into melody. Handel and Haydn—sublime, impersonal Handel—cheerful, sunny Haydn, found equally true and powerful interpretation in this lovely artist.

Signor Belletti, too, astonished us by the animation and distinctness, and the true Handelian style with which he executed the bass song from the *Messiah*: "Why do the nations rage so furiously together?" Rossini's "Pro peccatis," too, was elegantly delivered. There is, however, in the very refined and graceful manner of this singer, a coolness, which fits him best for the light, graceful comedy of Mozart and Rossini. Of this he gave an admirable specimen in the second part of the concert, composed of secular music, in the Baron's account of his dream in *Cinderella*.

We should have much to say of Jenny Lind's pathetic and impassioned rendering of the profoundly beautiful and touching scena from *Der Freischütz*, in the character of Agatha. It went beyond anything in our operatic experience; and it seemed as if Von Weber, too, as well as Mozart, must have dreamed of such a singer when he wrote. Of the lighter matters, which made the desert of the feast, as the "Trio" of her voice with the flutes, the "Swedish Echo Song," &c., we need only say that seemed more exquisite and natural than ever before, when they have been made the substance of the entertainment. The orchestra contributed their share of solid overtures, &c. There is a great falling off from this programme to to-morrow night's, when every piece is either a hack-nied opera cavatina, or one of the light curiosities of music.—Yours, &c., X.

We have furnished what particulars have reached us. Perhaps we have given sufficient for this week; if not, our readers will hold us excused, and keep their anxieties quiet until our next, when we shall endeavour to make lee way.

Our Scrap Book.

[We shall be obliged to any kind friends who may be able and willing to contribute to our Scrap Book.—Ed.]

CAFFARELLI.—Porpora taught the musical prodigy, Caffarelli, in the following way:—For five years he kept him at the scales, and to the learning a few passages written upon a sheet of paper. One year was dedicated to articulation, &c., and at the end of the sixth year, Propora, who only professed the mechanical department of music, addressing his pupil, said, "You have nothing more to learn from me; you are the first singer in Italy, if not in the world."

PLAYS AND NOVELS.—It cannot be denied that novels, in concert with plays, or rather, perhaps, farces, hand down to succeeding generations the only just representation of the times in which they were written. None but the authors of such pieces will take the pains to describe the manners of their contemporaries, as such a serious narration would be at the time when written, insipid and totally useless. On the other hand, should the dramatic writer, or the novelist, err in his picture of common life, his farce would be hissed, and his tale lie unperused on his printer's shelf. It is to Aristophanes, to Plautus, to Terence, and to Apuleius, not to Thucydides, Livy, or Cæsar that we must look for the private fashions and customs of the Greeks and Romans; and it is really affecting to observe the extreme distress to which our own antiquarians are driven, when they wish to make us of the present age, acquainted with the minutiae of those our

ancestors who lived before the stage and the press existed to elucidate the future historian. The seals of monastic charters, and even the gaudy ornaments of a royal missal, (the very best guides to the curious on these subjects), afford little light into the humours of the age, when compared to what our posterity will receive from the dramatic satires of Foote, Murphy, Colman, and Sheridan, and the didactic narratives of Fielding, Smollet and Goldsmith.

TRAGEDY.—As it was anciently composed, tragedy has been ever held the gravest, most moral, and most profitable of all other poems; therefore said, by Aristotle, to be of power, by raising pity and fear, or terror, to cleanse the mind of those and such like passions—that is, to temper and reduce them to a just measure with a kind of delight, stirred up by reading or seeing those passions well imitated. Nor is nature wanting in her own effects to make good his assertion; for so in physic, things of a melancholic hue and quality are used against melancholy, sour against sour, salt to remove salt humours. Hence philosophers, and other grave writers, as Cicero, Plutarch, and others, frequently cite out of tragic poets, both to adorn and illustrate their discourse. The Apostle Paul himself thought it not unworthy to insert a verse of Euripides into the text of Holy Scripture (1 Corinthians, xv., v. 33), and Paræus, commenting on the Revelations, divides the whole book as a tragedy, into acts, distinguished each by a chorus of heavenly harpings and song between. Formerly men of the highest dignity have laboured not a little to be thought able to compose a tragedy. Of that honour, Dionysius the elder was no less ambitious than before his his attaining to the tyranny. Augustus Cæsar, also, had begun *Ajax*, but, unable to please his own judgment with what he had begun, left it unfinished. Seneca, the philosopher, is, by some, thought the author of those tragedies (at least the best of them) that go under that name. Gregory Nazianzen, a father of the Church, thought it not unbefitting the sanctity of his person to write a tragedy, which is entitled *Christ Suffering*.

SELF-MADE MEN.—Columbus was a weaver; Franklin was a journeyman printer; Sextus V. was the son of a cutler; Ferguson and Burns, Scottish poets, were shepherds; Æsop was a slave; Homer was a beggar; Daniel Defoe was apprentice to a hosier; Demosthenes was the son of a cutler; Hogarth an engraver of pewter pots; Virgil was the son of a baker; Gay, an apprentice to a silk mercer; Ben Jonson, was a bricklayer; Person, son of a parish clerk; Prideaux was employed to sweep Exeter College; Akenside was the son of a butcher; so was Wolsey; Cervantes was a private soldier; Gifford, the historian, and Bloomfield, the poet, were shoemakers; Howard was apprenticed to a grocer; Halley was the son of a soap-boiler; Richard Arkwright was a barber; Blackstone was the son of a linendraper; Buchanan was a private soldier; Butler was the son of a farmer; Canova the son of a stone cutter; Captain Cook began his career as a cabin boy; Dodley was a stocking weaver; Drake was the son of a shepherd; Hunter was apprenticed to a carpenter; Falconer was the son of a barber; Stone was a gardener; Richardson was the son of a joiner; Shakspeare commenced his career as a menial; Pizarro was never taught to read when young, but employed to keep hogs; Haydn was the son of a poor wheelright; Kirk White was the son of a butcher.

THE DEVIL'S SONATA.—Monsieur de la Lande informs us, that he had from Tartini's own lips the following singular anecdote, which shows to what a degree his imagination was

inflamed by the genius of composition :—He dreamt one night, that he had made a compact with the devil, who promised to be at his service on all occasions; and, during this vision, everything succeeded according to his mind; his wishes were anticipated, and his desires always surpassed, by the assistance of his new servant. In short, he imagined that he presented the devil his violin, in order to discover what kind of musician he was; when, to his great astonishment, he heard him play a solo so singularly beautiful, which he executed with such superior taste and precision, that it surpassed all the music which he had ever heard before, or conceived in his life. So great was his surprise, and so exquisite his delight, upon this occasion, that it appeared to deprive him of the power of breathing; he awoke with the violence of his sensations, and instantly seized the fiddle, in the hopes of expressing what he had just heard, but in vain. He, however, then composed a piece, which is perhaps the best of all his works, and called it the "Devil's Sonata;" but it was so greatly inferior to what his sleep had produced, that he declared he would have broken his instrument, and abandoned music for ever, if he could have subsisted by any other means.

ORIGIN OF MUSIC.—As to the origin of music, every one has his own ideas; but the opinion which traces it to the singing of birds is the most common. It must be confessed that this is an odd idea, and it implies a strange opinion of man, to suppose that he finds one of his most delightful pleasures in the imitation of the language of animals. No, no, it is not so. Man sings as he speaks, moves, and sleeps—in consequence of his organisation, and the constitution of his mind. This is so true, that nations the most savage and most completely insulated in their situation have been found to possess some kind of music, even where the severity of the climate would scarcely permit birds to live or to sing. Music in its origin is composed only of cries of joy or expressions of pain: as men become civilised their singing improves; and that which at first was only the accent of passion, becomes at last the result of study and of art. There is a wide interval, no doubt, between the indistinct sounds which come from the throat of a woman of Nova Zembla and the warblings of a Malibran or a Sontag; but it is not the less true that the delightful singing of the latter has its foundation in something as rude as the croaking of the former.—*Aurelian.*

INFLUENCE OF ART.—To rise into vigorous, active influence, art must spring up and develop itself in secrecy and silence; out of the heart alone can that unfold itself which shall truly go to the heart again. "Yes! pious and simple as the old world was, ye drew it (art) from the same pure depths, awakening the feelings which slumber, and it shall bear honourable witness of ye—and for ever!" Slavishly to cling to antiquity, this is not the bud of your labours! Be ye, therefore, upheld by heavenly power; press on, and rest not, to the high and holy light.—*Louis I., King of Bavaria.*

WALTER OF THE BIRD MEADOW.—The antechamber of the Queen of Bavaria is painted from the history and poems of Walter von der Vogelweide, by Gassen of Coblenz, a young painter of distinguished merit. Walter "of the bird meadow," for that is the literal signification of his name, was one of the most celebrated of the early Arabian minne-singers, and appears to have lived from 1190 to 1246. He led a wandering life, and was at different times in the service of several princes of Germany. He figured at the famous "Strife of Poets" at the Castle of Wartburg, which took

place in 1207, in presence of Hermann, Landgrave of Thuringia, and the Landgravine Sophia. This is one of the most celebrated incidents in the history of German poetry. He also accompanied Leopold VII. to the Holy Land. His songs are warlike, patriotic, moral, and religious. "Of love he has always the highest conception, as of a principle of action, a virtue, a religious affection; and in his estimation of female excellence, he is below none of his contemporaries." In the centre of the ceiling is represented the poetical contest at Wartburg, and Walter is reciting his verses in presence of his rivals and the assembled judges. At the upper head of the room, Walter is exhibited exactly as he describes himself in one of his principal poems—seated on a high rock, in a melancholy attitude, leaning on his elbow, and contemplating the troubles of his desolate country. In the opposite arch, the old poet is represented as feeding the little birds, which are fluttering round him, in allusion to his will, which directed that the birds should be fed yearly upon his tomb. Another compartment represents Walter showing to his gelibte (his mistress) the reflection of her own lovely face in his polished shield.—*Mrs. Jameson.*

JENNY LIND AND THE AMERICANS.

(From the Times.)

It is the peculiar boast of the modern Republic that the public opinion of her free and enlightened citizens reigns with undisputed and absolute sway. Eschewing the enormous faith of many made for one, she has adopted for herself the creed that the few are made for the many. On every subject, in every township throughout the States, the opinion of the majority is final, conclusive, and indisputable. The majority are everything—the minority nothing. Nor is this supremacy of the many confined to those subjects which may legitimately be termed matters of opinion. There is no right, however sacred, no privilege, however unquestionable, which an individual may not at any time, in the freest of all the nations of the earth, be called upon to sacrifice at the summons of public opinion. If it shall please the majority to decree that a particular landlord shall no longer receive rent, his right is extinguished as effectually as by the most formal release; if it shall please the majority to make a foot-path across a citizen's lawn, the road is *ipso facto* dedicated to the use of the public. If the majority be of opinion that it is expedient that a particular citizen should cease to exist, he perishes in the face of day, with all the formality of legal execution.

It becomes a people who are in the habit of investing their convictions when once formed with such practical and serious consequences to be proportionately careful and deliberate in arriving at those convictions; and as their opinions have the force of sentences, their minds should have the impartiality of judges.

Any one impressed with these reflections must have perused with a painful interest the accounts which have from time to time appeared in this journal of the Lindomania in New York. It is humiliating to see a nation, which boasts that it leads the van of human improvement, so little capable of appreciating the relative dignity and merit of different talents and employments as to bow down in prostrate adoration at the feet of a woman who, after all, is merely a first-rate vocalist. Sydney Smith reminds the Pennsylvanians that there are some things worth living for besides gin sling and sherry cobbler; and we should have thought, but for our experience to the contrary, that it were needless

to have informed the countrymen of Franklin, Washington, and Channing that there are things more worthy the admiration of a great people than the power of producing sweet sounds. But what is still stranger than this moral obliquity is, that the possession of this much-prized faculty by Jenny Lind was entirely taken for granted by this acute and calculating people, who were so enraptured by her musical powers before they had heard a single note of her voice that we verily believe if at her first concert she had croaked like a raven or howled like a hyæna, public opinion would have pronounced her performance a little superior to the music of the spheres. We were totally unable to account for this palpable surrender of all pretensions to common sense on the part of the American public, till we fell in with an article in the *New York Herald*, in which that journal, justly solicitous for the dignity of its calling, vindicates the American press from the charge of having excited the American public to so outrageous a pitch of folly and self-abasement. It appears from the article of our able contemporary, which bears on its face the stamp of truth, that Mr. Barnum, the great showman of the age, the exhibitor of the living skeleton, General Tom Thumb, the woolly horse, and the nurse of General Washington, had struck out, for the express benefit of Jenny Lind and himself, a new idea, which the blacking of Warren and the waistcoats of Moses have never inspired their poets withal. He invented what we must call, for want of a better name, the police of puffery. He had actually, for months before Jenny Lind's arrival, a number of provocative agents, as the French call them, in his pay, whose business was to "get up a *furor*" for Jenny Lind. This *furor*, once excited, was chronicled by the newspapers, and thus infinitely multiplied, as heat and light are increased by being reflected. The whole susceptibility of the country was soon in a blaze, and long before Jenny Lind had placed her foot on the American continent, public opinion had pronounced in her favour, and she was peerless. Not to be wanting to his good fortune, Mr. Barnum employed his police in the congenial occupation of puffing the ticket-auction, till at the mis-called town of Providence, 625 dollars were actually obtained for a seat, and sold for a valuable consideration the honour of entertaining the Swedish nightingale to an enterprising innkeeper. These are *facts*, but we cannot help suspecting that the fight about the peach-stone and the two billing kisses of the inside of the glove were little interludes got up by the Barnum police to keep the *furor* alive. It is impossible to avoid the conclusion that Jenny Lind was received with this enthusiastic worship from the American public, not for her great and acknowledged merit, but because in an evil hour she had consented to lease out her fine talents to a selfish and intriguing charlatan, whose paltry and miserable arts easily obtained for her that homage which might have possibly, to judge from Macready's case, been withheld from their most brilliant exercise. All, and more than all, the success she could hope to obtain was gained for her, before she had done anything to deserve it, by the action of the Barnum police on public opinion.

The inference is a sad one. That which can be done by a private adventurer may with more ease be accomplished by the leader of a faction. The same arts which make a singer's popularity may create the political capital of a president or a secretary. The deliberate substitution of prejudice for reason and experience may be applied to measures as well as to music. It is much to be feared that the same reckless system of exaggeration, the same intense vulgarity of means and littleness of ends, is to be found in the Senate as in the

orchestra. Who cannot see in the angry and inflated tone of American political controversy, and its constant straining after dramatical effect, the career of men to whom the most important measures, the most sacred interests, and the most stirring appeals are matters of the same indifference as the comfort and quiet of Jenny Lind to Mr. Barnum, when compared to the acquisition of a single cent?

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

HAYMARKET.

MACREADY'S FAREWELL PERFORMANCES.

MR. MACREADY commenced the first of his farewell performances on Monday night. It will be remembered, that the great tragedian purported to take leave of the stage this time twelvemonth, but a sudden and serious illness prevented him carrying out his intention, which was finally postponed to the present period. That Mr. Macready is determined to disappear from the scene of all his glories for ever, we have no reason to disbelieve. We know that heretofore artists' "farewell and last farewell performances," in almost every instance, implied nothing more than knells of preparation to remind the public of their loss. From John Kemble down to Rubini and Taglioni, every artist considered himself bound to indulge in a series of coquetting with the public, until the very term "last performance," grew to become a mere indefinite sound, "a tale told by an idiot—signifying nothing." How many times Braham took his leave of the stage, it is impossible to remember. He commenced his first "farewell performance" upwards of twenty years ago, and has not yet left off. The leave-takings of Siddons, Pasta, and others, were nearly as numerous. In short, we cannot call to mind a single actor, or a single singer, who did not take several farewells of the stage, unless prevented by death or illness. We are sorry to say, we are compelled to credit the announcement that Macready is about to quit the stage for ever. We know the sternness of the actor's nature upon such a point as keeping faith with the public, even when the public would rejoice in the breach of that faith, and are sorry to know it. We had rather have to accuse Macready of coquetting, than have to deplore the loss of his transcendent talents. His retirement from the stage looks too serious and solemn for doubt to dispute. Yes, we feel that we shall shortly have to deplore his loss. The "Ultimus Romanorum" will soon have vanished from our sight, and we shall have to exclaim with Hamlet,—

"We shall not look upon his like again."

Mr. Macready selected Macbeth for the first of his last essays in the Shaksperian drama. No part is more closely identified with the name of the actor; and no performance in his repertoire is more remarkable for variety, power, and vigour of delineation. We were delighted to see Mr. Macready looking so well on Monday night, and the force and immense energy he displayed in his acting made us more than ever regret we should so soon lose him. His reception was uproarious. The whole house stood up, and greeted him for several minutes, until their throats and hands were wearied. The applause throughout the performance was frequent and enthusiastic, and his reception at the end was fully as boisterous as the demonstration displayed at his coming on.

The Haymarket company is not strong, "tragically speaking;" nevertheless, with the aid of two or three adjuncts procured for the nonce, Mr. Webster contrived to dish up *Macbeth* tolerably well cooked. Mrs. Warner, Mr. Davenport, and Mr. Woolgar were engaged expressly to support

Mr. Macready in his last performances; and, if need were, to show him off to the best advantage. Mrs. Warner is a lady of acknowledged ability, and ranks as the best delineator of the heavy tragedy parts, as they are named in theatric parlance, we have at present. Her Lady Macbeth is a striking and ambitious assumption, and is entitled to much commendation. Mr. Davenport may be said to have made a hit in Macduff. He displayed energy, judgment, and extreme attention. This last-named qualification must not be underrated. It is the next step to abstraction, the fulcrum of the actor's genius, and may in time grow to it. Mr. Davenport was exceedingly effective in the Court scene, where the murder is discovered, and showed both pathos and power in the great scene in the fourth act. Mr. Woolgar is Miss Woolgar's father, and made his *début* at the Haymarket in Rosse. Rosse is not a great part; and Mr. Woolgar could not be supposed, without violence to Shakspeare and his own talents, to effect great things in Rosse. But we are in no hurry: we can wait.

Locke's music is an impertinent interpolation. It converts *Macbeth* into an operatic melodrama, and pulls down its dignity lamentably. We always felt grieved that Macready should have countenanced and encouraged so evident a violation and disfigurement of the text. That such a vile, low, Billingsgate phrase as "three ounces of a red-haired wench," should be sanctioned by the side of Shakspeare's sublime accumulation of horrors in the ingredients of the weird sisters' magic charm, is a positive disgrace to the modern stage. Indeed, some such feeling must have entered into Mr. Webster's mind when Locke and red-haired wenches, for he paid the least possible attention to the music. Miss P. Horton was converted into a barytone, and Mr. Bland officiated as *primo basso assoluto*. Mr. Selby, we believe, was the tenor of the evening. Mr. Webster was perfectly right. Locke's music is little worthy in itself, and has no business in *Macbeth*.

On Wednesday Mr. Macready made his second appearance in *Hamlet*. This is another of his popular and well-weighed characters, and one which has been recognised by the majority of his admirers as among the best perfected of his performances. Mr. Macready was well supported by Mrs. Warner, as the Queen; Mr. Stuart, as the Ghost; Mr. Davenport, as Laertes; Mr. Howe, as Horatio; &c. &c. Mr. Buckstone's First Gravedigger was infinitely funnier than Shakspeare's.

On Thursday Mr. Macready appeared in Shylock, in the *Merchant of Venice*, for the last time. The character of the Jew does not appear to have been a favourite with the actor. He played it for the first time at the Haymarket some four or five years ago, but it never became one of his standard performances. Every great actor is individually gifted with peculiar powers of developing certain phases of the mind. To Macklin, George Cooke, and Edmund Kean, belonged the identification of such passions as malignity, biting sarcasm, cutting irony, and demoniac joy. This conformation of mind, adapted to stage purposes, would benefit them for such parts as Richard the Third and Shylock. On the contrary, Kemble, Young, and their followers—if they have had any, which we doubt—were more fitly constituted to represent the grander passions, as sorrow, revenge, stoical indifference to death, love of country, &c. Thus we find that these actors excelled in Brutus, Cato, Hamlet, Coriolanus, Zanga, and the like. Macready's powers, we should say, are more varied, but are not so concentrated. In the representation of the malignant passions he has certainly been surpassed by Edmund Kean and Cooke; while, in sustaining the more dignified and loftier

emotions, he has fallen short of Kemble and Young. It is thus that actors should be judged, and not by comparison. Each is great in his peculiar line. But Macready has his own province, in which he shines beyond all competition. In the tender and pathetic, in the display of domestic affections and the despair consequent upon their disruption; in heroism and patriotism; in the exhibition of misery, anguish, madness, fear, and their alternations and vicissitudes, he stands alone. We do not say that in other respects he does not exhibit excellence. That would be denying him the possession of genius, which we never contemplated; but, in the development of the passions we have named, he betokens his chiefest power. Now, the assumption of one of these is not absolutely required in Shylock, and we therefore find the character removed, in some respect, from his genius, and dependent on his art. No other reason can be assigned why Macready did not make so striking a part as Shylock his peculiar study. He might have been deterred by the failures of John Kemble and Young. That the performance of the Jew would have been greater had he played it oftener and studied it with more intensity, we are inclined to think; but we feel satisfied it never would have equalled his Lear or Macbeth. We shall say but a very few words of the performance of Thursday.

Throughout the first act Mr. Macready appeared to avoid the line followed by all his predecessors. The malignity of the Jew was never once made manifest, and the deportment to the Christians was rather submissive and entreating than sycophantic and hypocritical. It may be said in Mr. Macready's favor, that Shakspeare's lines are suggestive of this interpretation, but when there is no effect produced, we always find fault with the actor. Let an actor wrest Shakspeare ever so much to his own views, provided he brings down the house, he commits no sin. If the public applaud, when there is a difference, the actor must be right. Is not the public the best judge? At all events, right or wrong, Macready made no great point in the first act, and the curtain fell with the accompaniment of very faint applause. Neither did the second act seem to produce anything great from the actor. The third and fourth acts, however, made full amends for all that had gone before. The scene with Tubal was worked up with immense power. The alternations of feeling were strikingly given, and the exclamation of "I thank God," when Shylock learns all Antonio's losses, was as fine as anything we ever heard on the stage. The whole scene wanted but a little elaboration and finish to render it intensely grand. The trial scene is, beyond a shadow of doubt, as fine as anything in the whole range of Macready's performances. Bating that in one or two expressions it becomes colloquial, it is from beginning to end, a highly-wrought and perfect picture. Had Mr. Macready studied his audience more, weighing their expectations; and Shakspeare less, overlooking his purpose, his Shylock, we are convinced, would have been pronounced a masterpiece. As it stands, the public, from their *keen* recollections, would always prefer his Macbeth or his Lear.

The other parts in general were respectably filled. We confess we were not wonderfully struck with Mrs. Warner in Portia. This lady is still at ease when she is not deeply serious. A smile does not become her, and her trifling is anything but attractive. The lighter parts of Portia did not receive adequate justice at her hands. She was best in the judgment scene. Here she was more at home. The great speech on mercy was finely delivered.

Mr. Davenport was the Bassanio, and played in a very gentleman-like and tasteful manner. We were more than ever

impressed with the merits of this actor. Mr. Howe was hardly himself in Gratiano, although he exerted himself to the utmost. Mr. Buckstone was as funny as ever in Launcelot Gobbo.

We particularly admired Miss P. Horton in Jessica, and had no objection whatever to the interpolated song, so capitally was it sung. We were also pleased with Mrs. Fitzwilliam's idea of Nerissa.

On Macready's nights the theatre has been crammed to suffocation. One of the most crowded audiences we ever beheld within the walls of the Haymarket was assembled on Thursday night.

ADELPHI.

A farce, called *The School for Tigers*, was brought out on Monday night, with the most unequivocal success. It is a kind of *High Life Below Stairs*, adapted to modern times, although the action takes place, not in a kitchen, but at the back of a cigar-shop. Mr. Panels (Mr. Wright), an ex-coachman, has not only opened business in the Havannah line, but devotes himself to the instruction of "tigers" in the peculiar duties of their profession, and allows their studies to be enlivened by an occasional "shilling hop," to which the maid-servants of the neighbourhood are invited. The Tiger class is regularly exhibited, and the answers given by the pupils have all, more or less, a satirical reference to the state of society to which "tigers" owe their being. One of them (Miss Woolgar), who has been advanced somewhat suddenly into tiger-ism from the condition of an errand boy, is quizzed by his companions for the rusticity of his manners; but in the end he takes a noble revenge by helping two of his persecutors out of a scrape in which they are involved on account of their masters being found guilty of forgery.

This piece, which is by Mark Lemon, is very smartly written, and the academical scene is novel and striking. It has also the advantage of being acted to perfection in the principal characters. Mr. Wright, as the ex-coachman, vividly bearing in mind the fact that he has "druv" two Russian Ambassadors, and smarting under the least invasion of his dignity, gives an admirable representation of vulgar pomp; while Miss Woolgar, as the rustic "tiger," presents a combination of real good-humour and would-be smartness, which is absolutely refreshing from its geniality. Her performance has none of the trickiness in which actresses sometimes indulge when attired in male habiliments, but she throws herself honestly and heartily into the character of the unsophisticated boy. The sweetheart of this youth, the daughter of the tobacconist, was played with a great deal of point and vivacity by Miss Collins.

There was a roar of applause at the fall of the curtain; but still we should recommend a curtailment in those scenes which are intended to set forth the plot, for these are somewhat drawn out, and the piece depends, not on plot, but on character and grouping.

SADLER'S WELLS.

Two more re-revivals of Shakespear have taken place at this theatre. On Wednesday se'night, *Julius Cæsar* was produced, the performance of which, however, contained nothing essentially different from what it was when the play was given here two years ago. Brutus, the finest of all Shakespear's heroic characters, is of somewhat too epic a cast for the stage. He mingles too much of the humourist and philosopher with his heroism, for dramatic purposes. Mr. Phelps, in his address to the people from the tribune—one of the few opportunities for energy—was eloquent and impres-

sive, and the bitter serenity of his manner, in the quarrel with Cassius, was equally characteristic. Mr. G. Bennett, as Cassius, and Mr. H. Marston, as Mark Anthony, were excellent, especially the latter gentleman, to whom, in his peculiar line, the stage has, at present, no superior.

On Monday last, *Cymbeline* was given, for the purpose of introducing us to Miss Lyons, the youthful *débutante* of the Olympic, as Imogene. Towards a young lady, not having reached her twentieth year—so report says—public opinion must, of course, be lenient. In personal qualifications, nature has been bountiful to her. Although small in person and features, she has a handsome and intelligent face, and a good voice, which she manages well. Her conception of Imogene was graceful and correct, if not very impassioned. If the marks of tuition were visible, not less so were the aptitude and intelligence of the pupil, who, moreover, gave occasional manifestations of the latent power of impassioned expression, of which we trust that time and study will afford more examples. Of the excellence of the tuition that she has received there cannot be a doubt, and she is quite right to keep on the safe side of her powers, whatever they may be, until study and experience shall enable her to put them forth with matured confidence and strength. The house was quite full. G.

PROVINCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

THEATRE ROYAL.—ENGLISH OPERA.

We assisted, as the French have it, at the third performance of Macfarren's charming opera, *King Charles the Second*, and were hugely delighted thereat. It is, indeed, as pleasing an example of English modern opera, by an English composer, as we ever listened to. There is a nice even flow of melody and harmony about it, while song, chorus, madrigal, &c., are all in keeping with the time and situations of the plot. It is essentially English in character—we had almost written *old English*—but it is a great deal better; it is English, and of its best style. The instrumentation is of quite an advanced order—far superior to the puerilities of the last century, and much more so than anything of the merry monarch's days. As you inserted a lengthened notice of the first performance of the opera here (from the *Manchester Examiner and Times*, of the 23rd instant,) in last week's *Musical World*, it is unnecessary I should this week take up your space, to say more than that we cordially agree with the writer's remarks on Macfarren's work and style of composition generally; as also as to the way this opera has been put on the stage by Mr. Knowles, and his stage-manager, Mr. Harris. *King Charles the Second* ran successfully all last week, (six performances in succession). Saturday last, the *Puritans* was repeated (by desire), and this week an English version, by whom we know not, of Mozart's master-piece, *Don Giovanni*. I have not seen or heard it, so cannot report. My idea is, that the company is much more fitted to succeed in an opera of a light and pleasing character, like *King Charles the Second*. To-day's *Guardian*, I see, speaks moderately well of the performance, and complains greatly of the scant attendance, especially in the dress circle. Saturday, the 2nd November, Auber's opera of the *Siren* is to be produced.

(From the *Manchester Courier*.)

MACFARREN'S OPERA OF "CHARLES II."

This is an opera so thoroughly English in its subject and the mode of treatment, that it was with much pleasure we found it named in the list of novelties to be produced during the short opera season now going on. Its plot is simple and probable, having for its subject one of the freaks of the merry monarch, assisted by his constant companion, the witty, dissolute Earl of Rochester. The Earl (Mr. Latter) finds Julian (Miss Isaacs), page to the Queen (Miss Lanza), leaving the

palace in disguise, and forces from him the admission that he is going to visit his betrothed, Fanny (Mdlle. Nau), the daughter of Captain Copp (Mr. Borrani), a retired sea captain, now the landlord of the King's Head, at Wapping. The Earl tells the King of the beauty of Fanny, his passion is excited, and, in the disguise of sailors, they seek and find the place. There they begin to make love to all and sundry, Fanny included, and the wrath of the sailors is aroused at the liberties taken. The King, to make things pleasant, orders a carouse, at his cost, but, when the bill is presented, he finds that Rochester, his cash-keeper, is gone. This exposes him to considerable ridicule, and on his tendering a watch in payment, which the page maliciously shows bears the royal arms, he is detained as a thief who has robbed the King. He escapes by the aid of the page and Fanny, and the scene then changes to the palace, where he gives audience in his proper habiliments to Captain Copp and Fanny, who come to restore the watch. The wonder and surprise of the honest captain as he recognises, first the page, then the Earl, and last the King, and the exuberant loyalty with which he bellows out the first line of the National Anthem, as the most proper mode of showing it, are well told. There is ample material in such a series of events for comic action; indeed the plot would not permit of anything approaching to what we term serious opera. Neither has it the slightest pretensions to rank as high opera; recitative is properly abandoned, and spoken dialogue takes its place. It has more of ballad form than any other we remember, as all compositions affecting to give records of the period chosen must be, when dependent on so light a subject. Mr. Macfarren has thoroughly understood the requirements of his aim, and has worked them out with what appears to be almost instinctive correctness of form and colour. Thus, instead of having attempted writing upon the Italian or French model, he has attempted upon each solo, duet, or concerto, thoroughly English features, simple plainness, quaint melodies, with rhythm so strongly marked, that the head involuntarily becomes a metronome, as the ear drinks them in, and sentimental phrases removed from weakness on the one hand and coarseness on the other. The instrumentation is exceedingly full, sometimes too much so, we think; but there is little occasion for fault-finding. There are several melodies given which are apparently favourites with the composer, for he often repeats them wholly, and introduces them frequently in greater or less degree. The most pleasing of the vocal *morceaux* are duets by Fanny and Julian; and these have become such favourites with the audience, that they are almost always repeated by desire. A madrigal, sung in the court, is a remarkable reproduction of the spirit of the old writers in that style of composition; few persons will be able to tell it from one of Morley's—it is so full of the quaint beauty and freedom, which marks his works. Mr. Macfarren has infused what we may term a Diddish spirit into the music written for Captain Copp, the representative of the hardihood and honest boldness of the mariners of the time; and as all the various forms of vocal expression harmonize, the result is a united whole.

Mr. Travers displays a praiseworthy costliness in the matter of dress, and he is clothed with taste and richness. He sang the music allotted him admirably; but he wanted weight as the monarch. "Here's to the maid!" was given by him with a heartiness and spirit that roused the audience into loud acclamation, and other pieces were well received. Mr. Latter's part gave him little opportunity as a vocalist, but he acted with vivacity and spirit. We regret to be obliged to say that Mdlle. Nau failed to satisfy our idea of her part. We saw not a glimpse of the English girl, the daughter of the rough old sailor, and the companion of sailors and their wives. The lady is naturally no sentimental, and nothing that we have seen has at all tended to give us the idea that she is in her proper place on the stage. In a concert-room, her highly-trained voice, and her facile execution, equal to the easy mastery of the greatest difficulties, might find appreciation and acceptance; but to the lyric drama she brings no genius for it, little more than acquired modes of action, and none of that nature that gives life to the efforts of many who have undergone less severe study. It was, consequently, with increased pleasure that we turned from her to the rich and improving voice and acting of Miss Isaacs, who sang with great power. Her enunciation is good, and her voice has a sympathetic quality, of immense value in passages that call for

pathos and the expression of soft sentiment. In the higher ranges her notes have a full, bell-like resonance, which she skilfully swells out with ringing clearness, or softens down to a floating something, more a memory than a sound, which reminded us somewhat of the vocalization of the idolized Jenny Lind. Her by-play, too, is excellent; her features are expressive, and the mixture of love, jealousy, and arch intrigue of the page was well kept up. Mr. Borrani capably sustained the rough bluntness of his part. The chorus have in this opera made plain the exact distinction between themselves and the local chorus, whose place they have taken. We feel confident that, for the matter of tone and power, our local chorus is superior by odds; but we are also certain the latter would never have sustained their share in the first act with anything like the vigour that is displayed by their successors. There is a capital scene in front of the King's Head, where Charles quarrels with the sailors about their lasses, and following the agile displays of Mr. J. Marshall, the chorus got up a bustle and agitation that was a surprising advance on the usual dull inanition. The mention of the name of Mr. Marshall reminds us that there is a pretty morris dance arranged by him, and a hornpipe danced by himself and Miss Fawcett, that has not yet missed an *encore*. Mr. Seymour's capital orchestra now give the instrumental part with diligent attention to the baton of the conductor, and respect for the composer's score, but they sometimes overwhelm the chorus. The *mise en scène* is got up capitably. A view on the Thames, and the interior of the state room in the palace—a fine vista of arches and chandeliers, terminated by a window of stained glass, covered with heraldic blazonry—are especially worthy of mention. The care of Mr. Harris is plain in many details of decoration and arrangement.

LIVERPOOL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

As the production of Mr. D. E. Horsley's new oratorio of David, by our Philharmonic Society, is the sole topic of conversation amongst our music-loving folks, I send you a brief description of it, written by a gentleman who has attended the rehearsal, and is eminently qualified to give a true opinion of its merits.

"It commences with a most effective overture. This is followed by a choral recitative of tenors and basses in unison:—Then came the word of the Lord unto Samuel, saying, it repenteth me that I have set up Saul to be king, &c.' The recitative breaks into harmony on the words, 'And it grieved Samuel, and he cried unto the Lord all night,' which has a most beautiful effect. The chorus following, 'How are the mighty fallen! Ye daughters of Israel weep for Saul,' is full of fine effects. The crescendo from a pianissimo to a fortissimo on the words, 'God judgeth the righteous, and God is angry with the wicked every day,' is very striking. The air, 'Give ear unto my prayer,' by Samuel, is a most prayerful melody; and this is followed by a duo for two treble voices, 'The Lord preserveth the souls.' This duo is followed by a very noble chorus, 'Behold, I am against thee,' the subject of which is quite Gregorian, and tells most wonderfully. Then comes another choral recitative, followed by a tenor song for Samuel, 'The Lord is my shepherd,' an air of great beauty. The chorus following, 'He that scattered Israel,' is full of expression; and, if well rendered, the effect will be delicious. The next recitative is succeeded by another chorus, most effectively written, 'And the spirit of the Lord came upon David,' this chorus, also, is capable of great expression. An air for a contralto and a double quartet, followed by a choral recitative, and recitative and aria, by Goliath, with a heavy bass voice, the latter would tell with amazing effect. The chorus following, 'Have you seen this man,' in the agitato style, we like the least of any piece in the oratorio, although there are some striking points in it. The chorus is followed by an aria for a bass voice, and the air by a recitative and chorus. The tone of derision at David offering to go and fight with the Philistine, is admirably portrayed, by solo and chorus, on the words, 'Thou art not able to go against this Philistine.' The pastoral air by David, which follows, is very beautiful; and the prayer of David, echoed by the chorus succeeding it, is quite in character with the words, 'Hear, O Lord, and have mercy upon me.' A duet by Goliath and David follows, and then a most effective chorus of

Philistines, 'We to us.' A choral recitative, and solo by David, lead into the concluding chorus of the first part, 'Sing unto God, ye kingdoms of the earth.'

"The second part opens with a march of the tribes of Israel—and a most noble march it is. This is followed by a choral recitative, in harmony, 'Behold, we are thy bone and thy flesh.' There is a prodigious effect at the concluding part of this recitative. On the words, 'So all the elders of Israel came to the king to Hebron, and they anointed David king,' commences a gradual crescendo to the full chorus following, 'The king shall joy in Thy strength, O Lord'—perhaps the most elaborate chorus in the work. The air, 'Who am I, Lord?' is a most chaste and elegant composition, in which the oboe is introduced with beautiful effect. This air is followed by an allegro movement, which leads to a most expressive chorus—'The Lord is a God of Judgment.' Another choral recitative is followed by an air for a soprano voice, in four flats—a most enticing melody—to the words, 'O, love the Lord, all ye his saints.' A very bold and effective double chorus of Philistines and Israelites follows, the Philistines saying, 'Come, let us cut them off from being a nation,' and the Israelites chanting, in the Gregorian style, 'O, my God, make them like a wheel.' This is followed by some recitatives and chorusses, illustrating the conveying of the Ark of the Covenant to its appointed place, by David. All the scene is rendered most effectively, and cannot fail to interest the audience. This is followed by a very pleasing trio, 'How amiable are thy tabernacles.' A short chorus is followed by a solo for David, which leads to the last chorus, in which is introduced a chorale—first in harmony, without accompaniments, and then in unison, with the full orchestra; and this is followed by a short fugue. The whole oratorio is scored in the most effective manner; and we have no hesitation in proclaiming it a standard work. We wish it every success."

Mr. Horsley has been lately directing the rehearsals, which are proceeding with great energy, and the society expect to merit some of the praise they lavished upon themselves by its production.

Mr. Ryall's annual concert took place on Monday night, but as illness prevented me being present, I must defer sending you a notice until I can get a report of it from one of our papers. The same remark will apply to the first of a series of Classical Chamber Concerts, which took place in the saloon of the Philharmonic Society last evening. The programme contained some choice specimens of classical music, including opera 81 of Mendelssohn's Posthumous Quartets, which was, I have heard, very finely played by Messrs. E. W. Thomas, Haddock, Lawson, and Baetens.

The *Liverpool Times* says—"Dr. Mainzer, of whose talents as a musical instructor we have had occasion to speak more than once, has at last commenced teaching his system of vocal music in this town, at his class-rooms, in Church Street, where we hope he will meet with as great success as he did in Manchester. From October to March, 1849, Dr. Mainzer's classes at Newell's Buildings, were attended by 1,945 pupils, of whom the greater portion were operatives. In no part of the kingdom are the labouring classes more fond of music than in Lancashire, and we trust, that in the course of a few months, Dr. Mainzer's system will have been learnt by some hundreds of the working classes of this town."

On Monday evening the first dress concert of the present season, given by the Apollo Glee Club, took place at the Adelphi Hotel, and was attended by a respectable audience, numbering about 120. The vocalists, Mesdames Holden, McDougal, and Messrs. Armstrong, Mellor, Boothby, Evans, Roberts, G. Holden, and Master Skeaf, sang a number of favourite glees, quartets, songs, catches, &c., by the most popular authors, including Macfarren's madrigal from *Charles II.*, and a new song, the words by Mr. James Stonehouse, and the music by Mr. Hargreaves, both townsmen. The whole performances went off with great *eclat*, and a most agreeable evening was spent by the members of the club and their friends.

The next Saturday Evening Concert offers great attraction. That excellent artist, Mr. Henry Phillips, will give his new musical entertainment, entitled *Our Village*, a very pleasing vocal recreation, as Mr. Phillips is one of the best educated singers of the day, and, what, a clever and accomplished man. A large audience will, doubtless, give him a hearty welcome, for he has not visited us much of late.

The performances at the Amphitheatre continue of a light and varied character—comedy, farce, and ballet, offering, in turn, the most agreeable recreation. Miss Emma Stanley continues to add interest to the pieces in which she performs.

J. H. N.

Oct. 31st, 1850.

PLYMOUTH.

(From our own Correspondent.)

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Nothing can be more brilliant than the theatrical season here, and Mr. Newcombe, the popular lessee, well deserves the patronage which he meets with from every class of society. Scarcely had Mr. Aldridge, the African Roscius, finished a most successful engagement, when Sims Reeves and Miss Lucombe made their appearance on Monday evening. Never was there a more crowded assemblage at the Plymouth Theatre. A person was placed at the door to return the money of those who could not catch a glimpse of the stage. Hundreds were turned away from box, pit, and gallery; and when these same *artistes* sung at the Assembly Rooms, the week before, the loss, I understand, amounted to something considerable; and at Exeter their receipts were under £5; but in this town people will never go into the Assembly Rooms to a concert, when they rush to the theatre in crowds. The entertainments on this occasion consisted of selections from the opera of *Sonnambula* and *Lucia*, with the popular musical farce of *The Waterman*. Reeves sung with exquisite taste and feeling, and seemed, if possible, to have gained power since last I heard him. Miss Lucombe, less happy in the *Lucia*, sung the music of the *Sonnambula* most brilliantly, and threw a pathos into her acting which gained her much applause. In *The Waterman*, Mr. Newcombe was the Robin. His reception was most enthusiastic, and he played the part as well as I have ever seen it acted. His performance throughout kept the audience in a roar with his comic situations, and he sung the song admirably. Sims Reeves substituted "The death of Nelson" for "Farewell my trim-built wherry," which was a decided mistake, and was vehemently applauded, as was Miss Lucombe, in "Wapping old stairs." Bundle, in the hands of Mr. Ray, was excellent, and the Mrs. Bundle of Mrs. Harding was all that could be desired.

Could the engagements of Sims Reeves and Miss Lucombe have permitted them to give a second representation, the theatre would have been quite as full as on the Monday evening.

Mr. Stirling, who is engaged for a short time, not only to act, but get up his own pieces, appeared on Tuesday, when the house was very well attended, in spite of the overflow of the preceding evening. A drama, of much interest, called *Clarence Clevedon*, was the first piece which abounded in striking dramatic situations. The last scene, which represents the rising of the waters, was highly effective; and great credit is due to Mr. Mark, the mechanist of the theatre, for his arrangement of it.

Mr. Reed, the conductor of the band, deserves much praise for the manner in which the orchestral parts were played on the night of the operatic entertainment, and his drilling the chorus to such a state of perfection in so short a time is really something wonderful.

T. G. B.

DUBLIN.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The engagement of Miss Catherine Hayes, at the Theatre Royal, which commenced on Monday week last, has created such an excitement in the Irish metropolis, as nothing but the performance of Jenny Lind has ever been known to make on the other side of the channel. The Irish are a national people, by which word I mean not, as the *entrepreneurs* of the London National Concerts, equally interested in all nations, but, having a hearty good feeling for that which is native to their own soil, and a national pride, a national enthusiasm, whenever they meet with native excellence, which they are ever ready to appreciate and to welcome. Now, the theatre has been literally crammed on each evening of the Irish *prima donna's* performance, and the reception with which the fair songstress has been greeted, and the tumultuous applause that has acknowledged every point in her delivery of the several characters she has filled, has been such, I assure you, as I have rarely witnessed. The natural reaction of this has been, that Miss

Catherine Hayes has literally stepped out of herself in both her singing and her acting, and, much and justly as she has been admired in London, she has been here in every respect as far superior to what we have seen her there, as it is possible to excel what even there was considered excellence. I am an old stager, you know, but all my experience has not so blunted my sensitiveness, but that I have been moved to tears by her singing and acting in the last scene of the *Sonnambula*, which, I have no hesitation to say, possessed a pathos that few artists have ever surpassed. Miss Hayes has won equal honour in *Linda*, in *Lucia*, in *Norma*, and *Lucregia*, which last opera has been produced in Dublin, for the first time on this occasion, and has pleased greatly—every body talks of her, and none says anything but praise. The bouquets, the *furors*, the cheerings, the waving of handkerchiefs, can never have been surpassed by the wildest excesses of continental enthusiasm. Although of course the centre of attraction, Miss Hayes, has been by no means the only object of admiration in the present series of Italian operas. Signor Bordas the tenor, who sang at her Majesty's Theatre in 1849, has pleased very much, and deservedly, for he has great merit, although his style is sometimes a little exaggerated. Herr Mengis, who has really never had a fair chance in London, is truly an admirable artist. He has complete management of a most agreeable baritone voice, and he is an entire master of the Italian style of singing. He is an immense favourite. Signors Paltori, Galli, and Salabert, have been all efficient representatives of the minor parts, and have done much to give completeness to the *ensemble*. Lastly, Madame Macfarren, the composer's wife, has made her first appearance in Ireland, and has met with a most legitimate success. Her beautifully expressive face, and her well-formed figure, have done much to excite and interest in her performance, which interest her performance has always, to the utmost, gratified. Her voice, a soft and rich contralto, possesses a sweetness such as I do not remember in any other German singer, and the control of it evinces no less careful study than natural ability. In *Pierotto* she pleased very greatly. In *Orsini*, having more to do, she did much more, and produced still more effect. Her delivery of the *romanza*, "Nella fatal," was perfectly beautiful; and I have heard the best judges say, and I perfectly agree in the opinion, that the "Segreto per esser felice" was faultlessly sung. Her greatest success has, however, been in *Adalgisa*, which has been altered either for her or by her into a contralto part, and in which, notwithstanding her departure from the composer's text, she proved herself a complete artist, giving an interest to the part of the highest character, and delighting everybody. Her duets with Miss Hayes, "Ah si per core," "Mira O Norma," and "Si fin all'ore," were all encored. To conclude, Mr. Lavenue has contributed much to the general effect by his clever conducting, and the band and chorus have been good. I hope next week to send you an account of the close of the engagement.—Yours truly, S. U.

P.S.—I send you two notices from the *Freeman's Journal*, that your readers may have some authority besides mine for the opinions I have advanced.

OCTOBER 29.

The delight experienced and testified by our audience in the first presentation here of *Lucrezia Borgia*, on Thursday evening last was, perhaps, too absorbing, too intense, to admit of the co-existence of any other feeling beside that of deep enjoyment, enhanced by a completeness and perfectitude in the production for a first time of this gorgeous opera that were indeed wondrous, when we consider that one short week embraced the whole space of time allowed to Messrs. Lavenue and Levey, the conductor and leader of the orchestra, with the band under their direction, to arrange the score, distribute parts, accomplish the music, and practice with the corps of vocalists.

The crowds that filled every available foot of space in the theatre on last evening, in boxes, pit, and galleries, proved that the first presentation of *Lucrezia Borgia* served but to whet the popular appetite for a renewed enjoyment of this rich musical banquet. Madame Macfarren came out surprisingly in the role of Maffeo Orsini. She seemed to have shaken off a great deal of a certain apathy (the result, perhaps, of slight indisposition) that marked her treatment of this part on the previous night's presentation of the

opera. She dressed the part admirably, and her attitudes and bearing were every inch the proud, passionate, and indolent Italian noble. Her rendering of the passage, "Nella fatal di Rimini o guerra," was marked by richness and depth in the contralto notes, giving indication of a brilliant version of the "Chanson au Boire" afterwards.

Signor Bordas seemed still more improved, effective, and tasteful in voice, and decidedly evinced more *retenu* and dignified ability in his rendering of the dramatism of his part of Genaro. But on the appearance of our fair countrywoman, every eye was for her, every lip applauded, every hand cheered.

The costume of Miss Catherine Hayes, in the character of Lucrezia, seems to impart an indescribable attractiveness to a face and form ever winning and graceful. The rich sombre character of her sable dress throws into bright contrast the fairness of her complexion, and gives a still more intellectual fragility of aspect to one who personates in tones of such sweetness, and in acting so fearfully truthful, a character upon whose name the finger of history trembles with mingled love and suspicion, hatred and adoration. Her reception was truly enthusiastic, but all was hushed as she opened with the recitative, "Tranquilla e posa," and a pin might be heard drop as the few opening bars by the orchestra introduced the aria, "Com e belle." Truly that air seemed to convey the very soul of plaintive melody.

We need not say that the applause was tremendous. The finale to the first act brought out Madame Macfarren again with excellent effect. Signor Bordas was justly encored, and enthusiastically greeted for his version of the aria "Di Pescatore."

In the second act Herr Mengis was admirable as Don Alfonso. His solo, "Qualunque sia," was deservedly encored.

The "Brindisi," in the third act, was given brilliantly by Madame Macfarren. The other gems were the soprano solo, "M'odi m'odi," by Miss Hayes and her gorgeous dramatic power and vocal splendour, in the closing scene. It would be only repeating what we have before stated on many occasions, to say that the fair *donna* was greeted with the heartiest and most enthusiastic plaudits.

Norma this evening.

31st Oct.

The announcement of Bellini's opera of *Norma*, for last evening, created no small amount of interest in our musical circles. Many connoisseurs who rank amongst the most ardent admirers of Miss Catherine Hayes as a dramatic vocalist—taking their standard of excellence, as regards the part of *Norma*, from the impersonation of this part by Grisi and Alboni—seemed to think it unsuited to the delicately feminine *maniere* and *personel* of our Irish *prima donna*. These "Fadladeens" of the opera affected to hold that the rôle of the Druid priestess required for its due interpretation a more vigorous *physique*, and more vocal declamatory energy, than belonged to her, whose acting was so truthfully gentle, and whose voice so passingly sweet in the maiden loveliness of *Amina* and *Linda*—in brief, some musical *poco curanti* would have it, that a spice of that most Italian feeling—feminine jealousy—should be an indispensable accessory to the genius of a vocal actress, in order to interpret the character of *Norma* with all the fire of its dramatic meaning and all the passionate heauty of its soul-stirring music. But we can imagine the agreeable disappointment experienced by all who have held those opinions in the brilliant and powerful impersonation of the *Norma* on last evening by our fair and highly-gifted countrywoman. Her appearance in the character was hailed by cordial and repeated cheers. Nothing could be more indicative of the profound interest taken by the audience in the success of our fair *donna*, than the hushed and breathless silence with which she was heard in the divine solo, "Casta diva." How she succeeded in the rendering of this magnificent and characteristic melody might be ascertained, even by those without the theatre, by the peals upon peals of deafening plaudits that echoed through the house. Her *encore* of the air was perhaps sweeter and more brilliant still, and the plaudits that followed were, if possible, more enthusiastic.

Amongst the other beauties of this opera which were produced with fine effect, we may mention the grand trio, "Oh, de qua sel," by Miss Hayes, Signor Bordas, and Madame Macfarren; also the celebrated duet, "Mira, O Norma," by Miss Hayes and Madame

Macfarren, and the duet, "Gia mi pascò." Nothing could exceed the brilliancy, precision, and effect with which these exquisite pieces were rendered.

Madame Macfarren's Adalgisa is one of the best parts personated by her since her first appearance here. The flute-like lower tones of her "second" told with good effect with the thrilling higher notes of Miss Hayes in the duetto passages.

The Pollio of Signor Bordas was a well-studied and perfect dramatic conception. His acting was chaste, yet energetic, and his solos (particularly one, "Me pro tegge") were all tastefully and sweetly rendered, and justly applauded.

Signor Paltoni's Oroveso was in the best taste, and his excellent judgment in leading the choruses contributed not a little to the success of the opera.

The subsidiary characters, sustained by Mr. Houghton and Miss Fitzgerald, were admirable in their way, and, in all, the opera went off with the highest *éclat*.

The fair *prima donna* was called before the curtain at the close of each act, and on her coming forward to sing the last trying passage and duet in the last act, the interest of the audience was wound up to the highest pitch. Her rendering of the glorious music of this grand and impressive passage, as well as the truth, vigour, and naturalness of her acting, affected the house like electricity. At the conclusion of the piece, peal after peal of cheering ensued; and, on the appearance of the fair artist with Signor Bordas and the other vocalists in front of the curtain after the opera, the enthusiasm of the audience showed how deep and delighted was their gratification.

Sonnambula is announced for this evening.

NEW YORK CLEANINGS.

OPENING OF TRIPLER HALL.—Mr. Bochsa has published the following particulars relating to the new Music Hall:—"The Tripler Hall has been rented by Madame Anna Bishop, for a large number of nights; the choice of the nights resting with her, to be taken successively or at stated periods. She will give a series of Musical Festivals on a scale of European grandeur. The orchestra will be immense—the stringed instruments alone will number eighty, in the proportion of fifty violins, and the violas, violoncellos, and double basses in proper ratio. Instead of two flutes, &c., &c., there will be four of each wind instrument. The chorus will also be unusually large, and will be supported by a large number of first-rate practised and professional chorus singers. Madame Bishop will lend her aid. Other admirable artists will assist, whose names will be duly announced. The music will be of the highest character as regards the merit of the works performed, and also the merits of the performance. The greatest works of the great masters will be fully represented; and also the lighter, more popular, and still excellent compositions of the modern school. So that all tastes will be gratified."

As this series of grand concerts progresses, the foundation of an extensive musical library will be laid, where all the operatic, symphonic, oratorical, and other scores, together with the finest practical and theoretical works in all languages, will be found for the use of all who need them. A conservatory of musical education, in the higher branches, will also be established; and last, though not least, a vocal society, on the scale of that at Exeter Hall, London, will be begun, and carried into active operation. To Mr. Bochsa the credit of this novel scheme is due.

The opening night will be Thursday, the 17th instant. Madame Bishop will give two other grand concerts on the following nights, Friday and Saturday, October the 18th and 19th.

TRIPLER HALL.—The concert of Jenny Lind, advertised on the 8th, to come off on the 7th of this month, will not take place on that day. The apology is that the condition of the seats, which are not to be in existence, and of the floor which will not be laid, together with the unfinished state of the stage and of the premises generally, at that time, render it imperative that the concert be further postponed to the 1st, or to the last of last month. We make the announcement for the consolation of the hundreds from the interior, whom the advertisement of Mr. Barnum, above described, drew to the city on a fool's errand. In the mean time, as we have

no certain knowledge of the period of the next Lind concert, we would call attention to the advertisement of Mr. Bochsa in the present number.—*Message Bird*.

MARETEZ'S ITALIAN OPERA SEASON, at the Astor Place, commences about the latter end of October.

MADAME DE VRIES, THE FRENCH PRIMA DONNA.—With the exception of Jenny Lind, no foreign vocalist who has recently visited us, combines so many rare vocal endowments as Madame de Vries. The extraordinary compass of her voice; the bell-like clearness and power of her alto notes; her firm and penetrating tone and unerring intonation, frequently reminded us of Miss Lind. That same reserve of power which impresses us in the singing of the latter, with that easy buoyant vocalism usually termed "warbling," is also apparent in De Vries, though not in the same degree. The medium tones of her voice are less full and pure; but the lower register, unlike Miss Lind's, is rich in contralto quality. These natural endowments are, also, animated by a high order of genius. Her personation of Norma, at her debut, on Tuesday evening, (8th), was one of the most spirited and impressive we remember to have witnessed in this city; and though her unheralded fame was not greeted with that large audience which her talents would otherwise have commanded, the respectable number present seemed to be taken by surprise, and truly manifested their appreciation of the musical excellence exhibited. Madame de Vries was well sustained by an excellent orchestra and chorus, and by the chaste and agreeable singing of Signor Novelli, who proved himself quite as much at home in French, as he is in the English language. Mons. De Vries, the Pollio for the occasion, was evidently suffering from a severe cold. From this, or other causes, his voice was not equal to his obvious knowledge, and his conception of the part. Madame Cassini was the Adalgisa. We should be happy to hear this lady again, and under less embarrassments. We regret that the previous engagements of Madame de Vries should recall her so speedily from among us.—*Message Bird*.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BIRMINGHAM.—Mr. G. W. Elliott's benefit concert took place in our Town Hall, on the 24th ult., but, owing to the unfavourable state of the weather, the attendance, though numerous and respectable, was not great, and Mr. Elliott is not likely to be a gainer by his speculation. However, the concert passed off very successfully, despite its length, and the disappointment caused by the absence of Mr. Lokey, through sudden indisposition. Mr. Williams kindly undertook a portion of the music allotted to Mr. Lokey. The concert commenced with Mendelssohn's quartett, "When the West," which was not heard to advantage, owing to the confusion caused by parties entering the Hall. The same remarks apply to the duett from the *Seasons*, which opened the second part of the concert. Miss Birch was in excellent voice throughout the evening. The scena from *Der Freischütz* she gave with precision and energy. Linley's ballad, "I was happy ere I loved you," in which Miss Birch accompanied herself, was redemanded, when she substituted the Scotch song, "Come over the water to Charlie." Our fair townsman, Miss Amelia Hill, was in high favour with the audience, and deservedly encored in Kalliwoda's song, "Home of Love," accompanied on the flute by Mr. Tilley, and Barnett's "Sol Fa" duo, with Mr. Bodda. An aria from Donizetti was neatly executed. The other lady singer was Miss Collins, who took part with Miss Birch and Mr. Williams in Curschman's trio, "Ti prego," and sang two songs very pleasingly, though we thought the Irish ballad rather too monotonous. We were glad to welcome our townsman, Mr. Pearsall, among us again, but we regretted to hear only the wreck of his voice. He was applauded in Knight's ballad, "The Maid of Loire," and Dibdin's "Tom Bowling." Mr. Frank Bodda was in capital voice. His "Largo al factotum" was full of raucy humour. It was encored, and repeated in English, much to the amusement of the audience. His glibness of tongue and rapid execution is, in an Englishman, extraordinary. In Lover's "Sally, Sally," he accompanied himself, and was encored, when he substituted "Philip the Falconer." Mr. W. H. Poole might easily have rendered his

services more effective—his "Poor Marie" was anything but well sung. M. Hayward sustained his great reputation as a violinist, and was encored in Ernst's *Carnival*. His pizzicato playing with the left hand only was very clever. Signor Vendi favoured the audience with a performance on the concertina. M. Duchemin, as an assistant accompanist, played very respectably, though accompanying does not seem this gentleman's forte. Mr. Elliott's pianoforte performances were respectable, without any pretension to great merit. We congratulate him upon succeeding so well, considering the arduous fatigue incidental to the management of his concert. In Weber's duo, "Hilarité," Miss Elliot did all one could have desired from a child only ten years of age. Of Mr. Elliott's compositions we wish to speak gently; but Miss Birch did so much for "The Golden Flower" that, although we had previously perused the copy, we could scarcely recognize it. The party who supplied the "words," should have remembered that a "golden flower" cannot be a "blossom," a "gem," and a human being at one and the same time. Miss Birch's concluding aria, "Ah non giunge," was not heard to advantage, owing to the continued noise of parties leaving. The National Anthem concluded the concert, which, on the whole, went off remarkably well, and seemed to give general satisfaction.

KINGTON MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—On Tuesday week this performance took place. It was gratifying to witness, both in the morning and the evening, the number present, although the attendances were not so numerous as could have been desired or as might have been expected, considering the laudable and philanthropic objects of the promoters. The most lively interest was evinced in its success, and the greatest satisfaction was expressed in regard to the performances. To render the performances as effective as possible, Masters Millichap and Cazley, and Messrs. Jones, Williams, and Poole, belonging to the choir of Worcester Cathedral, were engaged as solo singers, while the choral parts were rendered full and effective by the gentlemen belonging to the choir of the church, assisted by the choir from Hereford and the members of the Kington Musical Society, the whole being under the direction of Mr. Ridley, who presided at the organ. The morning's performance opened with Pratt's adaptation of one of the choruses from Haydn's first mass, "Glory to God on high," which was given with great effect. This was followed by Boyce's duet, "Here shall soft charity," which was sung with taste and expression by Messrs. Williams and Poole. The anthems by Croft and Boyce, "We will rejoice," "God is gone up," and "Oh, where shall wisdom be found," were also given with effect and precision. The solo, "Lord, what is man?" from Handel, by Mr. Williams, with the chorus from Saul, "How excellent," concluded the first part. In the second part, Dearle's "Te Deum" and "Jubilate," were well sung by the whole choir, evincing the excellent training of Mr. Ridley, the director. Mr. Jones sang "He was despised," in a chaste and expressive manner. The organ accompaniments, by Mr. Ridley, showed much skill and taste. The air, "But thou didst not leave" was nicely sung by Mr. Cazley. The morning's performance concluded with the grand Hallelujah chorus. The programme for the evening comprised a selection from Handel's *Messiah*, Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, &c. Mr. Williams's "Comfort ye," and Mr. Poole's singing of "Thus saith the Lord," merited encomiums. Mr. Jones also sang "Oh thou that tellest," with taste and effect; and, by the request of the rev. vicar and others, he repeated "He was despised." Master Millichap sang with much sweetness, "Holy, Holy!" Mozart's anthem, "Plead thou my cause," was nicely given. The duets in "Hear my prayer," Kent, were also pleasingly sung by Masters Millichap and Cazley. The quartettes "Cast thy burden," and "Oh, come every one that thirsteth," were not so satisfactory, the leading singer not taking up his part with the requisite precision. A cantata, composed by Baker, the words by the Rev. Dr. Thompson, was sung by Mr. Jones; of this the words were by far the best part, the sudden transitions and modulations being abrupt and peculiar. "Oh, Lord, have mercy," was given with judgment by Mr. Poole. The performance in the evening closed with a repetition of the Hallelujah chorus. The Rev. Dr. Thompson, after the conclusion of the festival, entertained a party at the vicarage to a cold collation, of which the ladies and gentlemen who had rendered such efficient

service during the day were also invited to partake. In concluding our notice of this first attempt to hold a musical festival at Kington, it is but just to say that praise is due to all parties concerned in its management. It is to be hoped that the festival will be celebrated annually.—*Hereford Times*.

A MUSICAL GENIUS.—Some years ago, a young peasant girl, about twenty-one years of age, with an intelligent look, and a modest, yet resolute bearing, went to the grand vicar of a diocese, and told him, that, having heard speak of his kindness for young women who destined themselves to teaching, she begged of him to interest himself for her. "But, my child," said he, "to have the right to teach you must obtain a diploma, and for that must submit to examination. Have you received the necessary instruction?" "In my infancy I learned to read and write, then I went as an apprentice to a dressmaker, and at present I work at that business, going from farm to farm, for six sous a day. But my needle does not get me food enough, for I lose time in thinking how I shall become a governess." "My poor child," said the grand vicar, "it is something to read and write, but not enough; you must know French, spelling, geography, history, a little more than the four rules of arithmetic, and, finally, be capable of writing a composition." "I believe, Monsieur le grand Vicar, that I should pass tolerably through those proofs; for, on my return home from my work, I have for some time past spent part of my nights, and great part of my Sundays, in studying books which I bought with my savings. But, I beg of you, sir, to be kind enough to examine me; you shall be my judge, and you will tell me frankly if I can hope to obtain the brevet of the superior degree." "Of the superior degree! Good God! you do not think of it! That is a very different thing! To deliver this brevet the examining committee is much more severe. You must answer in all parts of arithmetic, know a little geometry, vocal music, and even play on an instrument. I fancy that you have neither learnt the piano nor the harp." "No! but does the law, Monsieur l'Abbé, absolutely require the piano or harp?" "No! the law says that the candidate must know sufficient music to play on an instrument. Those which I designated are ordinarily the instruments which are studied by young persons in the schools. That is why I spoke to you of them. I think, however, that the examiners might be satisfied if you knew the guitar." "Ah! well, Monsieur l'Abbé, since the law requires the candidate to know music, without designating the instrument, I am satisfied, for I have learnt, without masters, to play on an instrument; and she pulled out a flageolet. The grand vicar burst out laughing. The girl blushed a good deal; but fancying that the venerable ecclesiastic only laughed because he thought she must play ill, she performed an air with such skill as to astonish her hearer. This gentleman, who had himself risen from the ranks of the people, thought that a girl of the people who had, unassisted, learnt to play so well, could not be an ordinary girl. He had the complaisance to examine her, and was stupified on seeing what a rare degree of instruction the poor country dressmaker had obtained by her own efforts alone. He declared without hesitation that she might in full confidence present herself at the examination. He, however, obtained a dispensation for her with respect to playing on the flageolet, as he knew that the examiners and candidates could not refrain from laughing at such an exhibition. The examining committee was as much astonished as the grand vicar had been at the varied and profound knowledge of the young peasant. She was received unanimously. She is at present chief of the school, we will not say where; but we guarantee the truth of this anecdote.—*National de l'Ouest*.

MR. BEARD'S DAGUERREOTYPES.—A series of daguerreotype portraits, recently taken by Mr. Beard, consist of some half-dozen representations of Mr. Buckstone, the comedian, in his favourite characters—the *Rough Diamond*, the *Jacobite*, &c., &c. No description can possibly convey an idea of the intense drollery expressed in the face of these, and also in their appropriate action. The public have been accustomed to see Mr. Beard's wonderful and interesting art employed only in the portrayal of well-dressed persons guilty of startling peculiarities in look or manner, and the novelty of these productions will afford them a relief.—*Liverpool Times*.

MADemoiselle ANICHINI has removed from Bond Street, to 32, Upper Montague Street, Montague Square.

ANECDOTE OF A SINGER.—Signora Grassini, the great Italian singer, died a few months since, at Milan. She was distinguished not only for her musical talents, but also for her beauty and powers of theatrical expression. One evening, in 1810, she and Signor Crescentini performed together at the Tuileries, and sang in *Romeo and Juliet*. At the admirable scene in the third act, the Emperor Napoleon applauded vociferously, and Talma, the great tragedian, who was amongst the audience, wept with emotion. After the performance was ended, the Emperor conferred the decoration of a high order on Crescentini, and sent Grassini a scrap of paper, on which was written, "Good for 20,000 livres.—Napoleon." "Twenty thousand livres!" said one of her friends—"the sum is a large one." "It will serve as a dowry for one of my little nieces," replied Grassini, quietly. Indeed, few persons were ever more generous, tender, and considerate towards their family than this great singer. Many years afterwards, when the Empire had crumbled into dust, carrying with it in its fall, among other things, the rich pension of Signora Grassini, she happened to be at Bologna. There another of her nieces was first presented to her, with a request that she would do something for her young relative. The little girl was extremely pretty, but not, her friends thought, fitted for the stage, as her voice was a feeble contralto. Her aunt asked her to sing; and when the timid voice had sounded a few notes, "Dear child," said Grassini, embracing her, "you will not want me to assist you. Those who called your voice a contralto were ignorant of music. You have one of the finest voices in the world, and will far excel me as a singer. Take courage, and work hard, my love; your throat will win a shower of gold." The young girl did not disappoint her aunt's prediction. She still lives, and her name is Giulia Gisi.—*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*.

CATHERINE HAYES IN DUBLIN.—*Lucrezia Borgia* has been performed for the first time in Dublin. As the opera will no doubt be performed again, we shall not at present enter into any detailed notice of its merits, or of the manner in which it was sustained. There are some fine airs to be found in it, mixed up with others not possessing any very distinctive character or originality, and in two instances there could be traced an identity with a duet in the *Lucia di Lammermoor*, and with the opening movement to the finale to *Norma*. There are some highly-wrought scenes, where, for example, *Lucrezia* has to give the poisoned cup to her son, when she finds him a guest at the fatal banquet; and, above all, where she discloses his birth, and hangs over him with passionate despair as life is passing away. Miss Hayes sustained the leading character with great dramatic judgment, truth, and pathos, but we would rather see her in the more winning and touching characters of *Amina* or *Linda*. The whole representation was, however, an evidence of genius—of genius adopting itself to circumstances that might at first be justly regarded as somewhat alien to the disposition of the *artiste*, and her last scene was exquisite, allowing, as it did, the display of the more affectionate sympathies of our nature. The appealing fondness of her manner—the burst of emotion as the word "Figlio" was repeated again and again—told at once with the house; and indeed the music here is decidedly part of the best in the opera. Her first aria, "Com'è bello," she gave with refined grace and finish, her intonation being most true; and the fioriture introduced, was conceived with taste and realised with a delicacy that forcibly reminded the hearer of *Persiani*. Signor Bordas was in very good voice, and had lost most of the nervousness observable on the two former evenings. The very pleasing "Di pescatore ignobile," he gave with much taste; and in the duets with Miss Hayes also obtained deserved impression from the house. Madame Macfarren, who is an exceedingly clever and judicious vocalist, and with an evident feeling for her subject, sang the celebrated brindisi, "Il segreto," with infinite spirit and with the dash of revelry which it conveys so truly to the ear. Madame Macfarren has a fine rich voice, and knows how to use it well, though she apparently labours under nervousness. Herr Menghis was the Duke; and the fine aria, "Qualunque sia l'evento," narrowly escaped an encore. He also acted and looked the rôle very well. Signors Faltoni, Salabert, and Galli contributed their aid to the production of the concerted music.

JOHN PARRY IN CHELTENHAM.—On Thursday evening, the popular "John" gave his new entertainment of notes, vocal and instrumental, under the arrangement of Messrs. Hale and Son, to a fashionable and crowded audience—all of whom were in excellent humour. Mr. Parry had not less reason to be pleased, for in summing up, he found his "notes" exchanged for those of "Henry Hase," to the tune of one hundred pounds!!! This sum has never been equalled at any place which Mr. Parry has visited, except on a previous occasion under the same management, when his net receipts, after all his expenses were paid, amounted to one hundred and seventeen pounds. The Rev. J. Close gave a lecture on the same evening, at the Town Hall, on the moral and religious tendency of the stage; which was also well attended. It is singular that at this time, Mrs. F. Kemble is lecturing in Cheltenham, and giving her celebrated readings from Shakespear. Mrs. F. Kemble was polite enough to omit her lecture on the evening of Mr. John Parry's entertainment, at which she was present, and seemed most highly to enjoy it.

FROME.—Mrs. Turner's concert, at the Assembly Rooms, on Tuesday evening week, was attended by a large and respectable auditory, including most of the principal families resident in Frome and its neighbourhood. The artistes engaged in addition to Mrs. Turner, were Miss Ley, and Signor Perugini, and the concert was under the direction of Mr. George Field. Mrs. Turner (who will be remembered by many of our readers as Miss Newton, of the Harmonie Society's Concerts, in Bath) appeared in the double capacity of a vocalist and an instrumentalist, and, in several concerted pieces with the other performers, exhibited the possession of a voice of much sweetness and considerable cultivation, while her pianoforte playing, after she had overcome the nervousness incident to a *débutante*, manifested ability. Her style of playing is unpretending, with a careful avoidance of all jugglery and *tour de force*, but characterised by firmness of touch and accentuation. Miss Ley was in excellent voice, and, in Mozart's aria from *La Clemenza*, her cultivated style and clear articulation gave it the best possible effect. Signor Perugini's massive *baritone* was heard in all the pieces in which he took part; and Mr. George Field acquitted himself effectively at the pianoforte.—*Chronicle*.

THE JENNY LIND MANIA.—The American papers state that Jenny Lind, being on one occasion slightly indisposed, it was proposed that she should try the water-cure; and the Hydropathic establishment, Sudbrook Park, near Richmond, was the place suggested. This got wind in certain quarters, and in a day or two, the director was astonished to receive from numbers of individuals of rank and wealth, proposals to enter the establishment immediately. The director was delighted, and foresaw a large accession of those watery enthusiasts who never cease declaiming on the tranquil delights of the wet sheet, and the boisterous exhilaration of the douche bath. But, alas! some trifling circumstance altered Jenny's plans, and the visit to Sudbrook was abandoned. More extraordinary cures than hydropathy ever performed, took place immediately. Rheumatisms fled with the rapidity of a charm; and the only nervousness exhibited by the ladies, was lest they should be taken at their words, and subjected to hydropathic discipline.—*Bath and Cheltenham Gazette*.

CAMBERWELL.—A concert was given on the 23rd instant, in aid of the funds of the Camberwell Institute for the Industrial Classes. The vocalists were Miss Messent, Miss Annie Buckland, Messrs. Horton, Howe, Garnett, and Henry Buckland. Webb's glee, "When winds breathe soft," was very well given; also two German glees, "Evening," and "Maying;" Sir Henry Bishop's "Indian Drum," was not so creditable a performance; in fact, it is very rarely that this excellent round is at all well sung. The solos seemed to find especial favor—Miss Messent being encored in "Why do I weep for thee?" and "Comin' thro' the rye;" substituting for the latter, "Jack o' Hazeldean," very tastefully sung; Miss Annie Buckland in a M.S. song, by her brother, and Mr. A. Lee's "Wild white rose;" changing them to Lover's "May-dew," and "The four-leaved shamrock." Mr. Lake in his *coffretina* solo; and Miss Messent and Mr. H. Buckland in a duet; part of two of Haydn's Symphonies, and an overture by Kretzler, were played by an amateur band. The concert was under the direction of Mr. Lake, who presided at the pianoforte.

SIR WILLIAM DON, the celebrated theatrical baronet, has gone out in the steamer, *City of Glasgow*, to the United States.

LITERARY PROPERTY.—AMERICAN AUTHORS IN ENGLAND.—"It will be seen," says the *London Athenæum*, "that Washington Irving has had good reason to congratulate himself on the mistake (mistake if the decision of the Chief Baron shall be held to be good law) which so long led English publishers to believe that copyright could be maintained in this country on the works of foreigners, for which they had given a valuable consideration. We gave, a fortnight since, a statement of the sums paid by Mr. Murray to that gentleman, in pure waste, unless we can get a more wholesome and reasonable interpretation of the law. The policy and morality of the case both point to quite opposite conclusions. These sums amount to an aggregate little short of £10,000—a commercial value of the produce of Mr. Irving's brain, of every penny of which he could, under the alleged state of the matter, have been pilfered,—as of a portion of it, or its legitimate profits, Mr. Murray is being pilfered now by the piracies of others. We have now to add to this amount the sums paid for copyright to the same writer by Mr. Bentley. In conjunction," says that publisher, "with my late partner, Mr. Colburn, I gave to Mr. Washington Irving for the copyright of the "*Alhambra*" £1,050; and afterwards I gave for "*Astoria*" £500, and for "*Captain Bonneville*" £900." This makes a further sum of £4,250 paid Mr. Washington Irving for copyrights which, it is said, anybody may invade. Mr. Bentley adds: "I have given to three other eminent American authors, Mr. Prescott, Mr. J. Fenimore Cooper, and Mr. Herman Melville, between £15,000 and £16,000." We can but remark that the dealing of English publishers with one another in this matter is not to their credit. If the law be really so opposed to the equity of the case, the feeling under which a publisher can permit himself to take advantage of it is not such as can do honour to a profession which should be chivalrous by the mere fact of its connexion with letters."

A NEW DESCRIPTION OF ORGAN.—An instrument of simple construction, but of very varied power, called "Autophon," has been patented, by which a person totally unacquainted with the mode of playing upon keys, can produce all manner of tunes by the mere mechanical process of turning a handle and applying the foot to the pedal. The music is produced by perforated sheets of mill board, which are passed between rollers or cylinders. In their transit, the wind is forced through the perforations or notes, and, passing through small pipes or tubes, creates the sound. Each sheet produces a separate tune. The instruments are of various sizes and power, but are comparatively of small dimensions, being adapted to private houses, chapels and churches where an organ is not employed.

MRS. BRACEGIRDLE AND HER ATTEMPTED ABDUCTION.—On the night of the 9th December, 1692, Howard-street and Norfolk-street were the scenes of a distressing tragedy, of which Mrs. Bracegirdle was the innocent cause. A Captain Richard Hill, a man of depraved habits and headstrong passions, had fallen violently in love with her; but his addresses not only having been received with coldness but with disdain, he determined by foul means, if not by fair, to gain possession of her person. Accordingly, having obtained the assistance of his friend Lord Mohun, a man even more notoriously profligate than himself, they proceeded to Drury Lane, with the intention of carrying off the beautiful actress as she quitted the theatre. From some cause she was not acting on this particular night; but Lord Mohun and Hill, learning that she was gone to supper at the house of Mr. Page, in Prince's-street, Drury Lane, proceeded thither with some ruffians, said to be soldiers, whose services they had hired for the occasion. After lurking about the house for some time, the door at length opened, and Mrs. Bracegirdle made her appearance, accompanied by her mother and brother; their host at the same time attending them with a light. She was immediately seized hold of by Hill, who endeavoured, with the assistance of his myrmidons, to force her into a coach which they had in readiness, in which Lord Mohun was seated with a loaded pistol in each hand. Her own violent struggles, however, the resistance made by her mother, who flung her arms round her daughter's waist and passionately clung to her, as well as the active opposition offered by the master of the

house, succeeded in keeping the ruffians at bay till the arrival of timely assistance, when the subordinate actors in the affair hurried off in different directions. Every particular of this strange narrative throws a curious light on the manners of the time, and especially on the defenceless state of the streets of London after nightfall. Mrs. Bracegirdle was conducted by her friends to her house in Howard-street; and it might have been expected that, for that night at least, the discomfited ruffians would have ceased from any other attempt at violence and outrage. On the contrary, Captain Hill and Lord Mohun persisted in attending the object of their persecution to Howard-street; and, under the impudent pretence of apologising for their misconduct, attempted to force their way into the house. Failing in their object of obtaining admittance, it appears that they sent for wine from the Horse-shoe Tavern, in Drury Lane, which they drank in the open street, parading up and down before Mrs. Bracegirdle's house, with drawn swords in their hands, to the great terror of its inmates. The motive for this additional outrage was afterwards explained by the evidence given at Lord Mohun's trial. Hill, it appears, on his addresses being rejected by Mrs. Bracegirdle, had conceived the impression that his discomfiture was owing to her affections having been fixed on a successful rival. The person on whom his suspicions fell was William Mountford, the actor; and this, apparently, from no better reason than that this admirable personifier of human nature was in the habit of acting the lover to Mrs. Bracegirdle's heroines—Hill imagining that the passionate declarations of love which Mountford addressed to her on the stage represented the true feelings of his own heart. Accordingly, on the night in question, frustrated in his design of obtaining possession of Mrs. Bracegirdle's person, and probably disordered by the wine he had drunk, he openly expressed his determination of wreaking his revenge on Mountford, whose house was situated within a few yards from that of Mrs. Bracegirdle. With great consideration, she sent messengers in search of Mountford, to warn him of the danger which awaited him; but, unfortunately, he was from home at the time, and his frightened wife knew not in what quarter he was likely to be met with. It may readily be wondered at that such scenes as these should have been allowed to take place in the streets of London without any interruption on the part of the police. The assistance of the watch, it appears, was called in; but, either unwilling to interfere with the amusements of a peer of the realm, or overawed by the drawn swords of the rioters, they acted a very strange part on the occasion. Lord Mohun was appealed to by them to sheathe his sword; which he readily complied with; on which the same request was made to Captain Hill, who replied that he was unable to do so, having lost the scabbard. The watch then entreated them to go peaceably home; after which—ostensibly for the purpose of making inquiries respecting them at the tavern where the wine had been purchased—they took their own departure. By this time the unfortunate Mountford had made his appearance in the street. He was at first addressed in a friendly manner by Lord Mohun; till, happening to turn the conversation to the late attempt to carry off Mrs. Bracegirdle, Mountford expressed his regret that his lordship should have been induced to assist such a "pitiful fellow" as Captain Hill in so infamous an outrage. Immediately, Hill struck him a violent blow on the head with his left hand, which was speedily followed by his running him through the body with his sword which he held in the other. Mountford died of his wounds the next day, exculpating Lord Mohun of having offered him any violence, but declaring, with his latest breath, that he was first struck and afterwards stabbed by Hill, before he had time to draw his own sword and put himself in an attitude of defence. Hill contrived to escape from justice, nor has his subsequent fate been ascertained. Lord Mohun was tried by his peers, but from want of sufficient evidence was acquitted. It is needless to remind the reader that a few years afterwards he fell in a duel with the Duke of Hamilton, in Hyde Park. He was the last male descendant of that powerful Norman family of whom the founder, Sir William de Mohun, had been the companion in arms of William the Conqueror, and who at the battle of Hastings numbered no fewer than 47 knights in his retinue. The house in which the unfortunate Mountford lived was on the east side of Norfolk-street, two doors from the south west corner of Howard-street.—*Jesse's London and its Celebrities.*

Miss CATHERINE HAYES has received an invitation from Mrs. Knox, lady of the Bishop of Dromore, to make the sea-house her residence during her forthcoming engagement by the Anacreontic Society of Belfast.

THE PORTABLE METRONOME.—This is an instrument for measuring time in music. In size and form it resembles a small watch, and may be carried in the waistcoat pocket. It consists of a case, containing a tape forty inches long, which can be drawn out to the required length, and be there retained by a stop. The end of the tape being held by the finger and thumb, the case forms the pendulum; on one side of the tape are marked the musical terms, and on the other side the figures which indicate the length of a variable pendulum making from 60 to 160 vibrations in one minute. The time will be marked with extreme accuracy, whether the vibrations are small or moderately large. We have examined the instrument and have found it extremely accurate and complete, and recommend it to all our musical friends. The patentee, Mr. Edward Greaves, is entitled to very great praise for this admirable little invention.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ZETA's Poem has been received, and shall be considered. At present, there is no room for its insertion.

A SUBSCRIBER is informed that Mr. Balfe is a good singing-master, and one of the very best out of Italy, to boot. Address to Her Majesty's Theatre.

D. A.—It is Mr. Augustus Eames who performs a solo nightly at the Lyceum Theatre, in the burlesque of the Olympic Devils, and is generally encored. It consists of the melody from Paganini's Witches Dance, and De Beriot's 5th Air, with the 3rd Variation.

MR. H—D, BUDE, CORNWALL, is informed that the paper has been transmitted by post.

ADVERTISEMENTS.



HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

GRAND NATIONAL CONCERTS.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1850.

THE CELEBRATED BERLIN CHOIR

EVERY EVENING.

ANGRI, BISCACCIANTI, NEWTON, STOCKHAUSEN, AND GODDARD; MOLIQUE, PIATTI, SAINTON, RICHARDSON, PROSPERE, H. COOPER, BARRET, ANGLAIS, BAUMANN, AND SIMS REEVES.

Director of the Music and Composer M. BALFE.
Director of La Musique de Danse HERR LABITZKY.
PROMENADE, . . . 1s. 6d.

(Admitting to all parts of the House, except the Private Boxes & Box Stalls.)

The GRAND NATIONAL QUADRILLE, by LABITZKY, next week.
MACFARREN'S SERENATA, on Monday, November 11.

M. JULLIEN'S ANNUAL CONCERTS, FOR ONE MONTH ONLY.

M. JULLIEN has the honour to announce that his ANNUAL SERIES of CONCERTS will commence at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, on FRIDAY NEXT, Nov. 8th.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

M. JULLIEN'S GRAND ANNUAL

BAL MASQUE,

WILL TAKE PLACE

NEXT THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 7TH, 1850.

M. JULLIEN has the honour to announce that his GRAND ANNUAL BAL MASQUE will this year be given previous to the commencement, instead of at the termination, of his ANNUAL SERIES of CONCERTS, and will take place

NEXT THURSDAY, November 7th, 1850.

(The Concerts commencing on the following Evening.)

M. JULLIEN abstains from giving any detailed description of the Décoration, which will be ENTIRELY NEW, but begs to assure his Patrons that they may rely on witnessing a most splendid combination of Decorative Effects, including the magnificent and novel CRYSTAL CURTAIN.

The ORCHESTRA will, as heretofore, be complete, and consist of ONE HUNDRED and TEN MUSICIANS.

Principal Cornet-a-Pistons, HERR KENTIG.

CONDUCTOR M. JULLIEN.

Tickets for the Ball 10s. 6d.

The Audience portion of the Theatre, will, as before, be set apart for the accommodation of SPECTATORS.

Prices of Admission:—

Dress Circle 5s.
Boxes 3s.
Lower Gallery 2s.
Upper Gallery 1s.
Private Boxes, from £3 3s. upwards.

Persons taking Private Boxes will have the privilege of passing to and from the Ball Room, without extra charge.

Tickets for the Ball, Places, and Private Boxes, may be secured at the Box-Office of the Theatre. Private Boxes, also, at Mr. MITCHELL'S; Mr. SAMS'; Messrs. LEADER & COOKS; Mr. CHAPPELL; Messrs. CRAMER, BEALE, & Co.; Messrs. CAMPBELL, RANSFORD, & Co.; Mr. ALLCROFT; and at JULLIEN & Co.'s Musical Establishments.

The Doors will be opened at Half-past Nine; and the Dancing commence at Ten.

Mr. I. NATHAN, jun., of 18, Castle Street, Leicester Square, is appointed Costumier to the Ball.

Persons in the Costume of Clowns, Harlequins, or Pantaloonas, will not be admitted.

THE PATENT PORTABLE METRONOME

(Registered according to G and 7 Vic., c. 65)

It is a very complete and perfect instrument for measuring "time" in music. It is the size and form of a small watch, and may be carried in the waistcoat pocket, being similar to a spring measuring tape, having marked on one side the numbers of vibrations in one minute (as in Maelzel's Metronome), and on the other side the Italian musical terms in general use. From its moderate price, small dimensions, and practical usefulness, it is adapted for all classes of musicians and singers.

Sold by all music-sellers in town and country.

Price, including morocco case and suspender, from 5s. to 10s. each.

EDWARD GREAVES, 56, South Street, Sheffield, registered proprietor.

Printed and Published, for the Proprietors, at the "Musical Steam Press," by WILLIAM SPENCER JOHNSON, 60, St. Martin's Lane, in the parish of St. Martin's in the Fields, in the County of Middlesex, where all communications for the Editor are to be addressed, post paid. To be had of G. Parkes, Dean Street, Soho; Allen, Warwick Lane; Vickers, 11 Citywell Street, and at all Booksellers.—Saturday, Nov. 2nd, 1850.